The JUNE 1915 6d Net

BOOKMAN

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

ANTHONY TROLLOPE
AND
HABLOT K. BROWN
(Phiz)
CENTENARY NUMBER

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H.K. BROWNE (PHIZ)

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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A charming volume of sketches. The author, Adeline M. Teskey, is a resident of Canada and her work will prove a revelation to those persons who claim that Canada has no literature. Miss Teskey has produced in these idylls of a Canadian village something unique in the way of character studies, equal in all respects to the quaint types of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

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Poems by W. MILTON YORKE. Price 4/-

Mr. Yorke writes with ease, swing, and vigour. There stands out from it all the hardy and hearty ring of the man who knows, the expressiveness of the man who appreciates, the force of the man who is earnest, the fire and freedom of originality, and the enthusiasm of the patriot. . . . . The poems are replete with merit, with character and with genuine interest.

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The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts has lately finished a new novel, "Old Delabole," a tale of the Cornish slate quarries, and is now engaged on another, "The Song of the Hops," a story of Cornish hop culture. These are two in a series of twenty novels he has planned, each of which will take some British trade or industry for its background. "Brunel's Tower," a story of the Devonshire potteries, which was recently published by Mr. Heinemann, also belongs to this series. Mr. Heinemann, by the way, is giving us shortly a new novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham, who in "Of Human Bondage" has written a study in character and temperament that will compare with his own "Mrs. Craddock," which is no light praise.

The series of war sonnets by Rupert Brooke, which he entitled "1914," are to be included in a new volume which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson are issuing shortly under the title of "1914 and Other Poems."

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing this week a translation of Pierre Nothomb's remarkable book, "The Barbarians in Belgium." It sets forth only attested facts and renders them intelligible by showing the link which unites the German atrocities, the thought which inspires them, the doctrines which bring them about, in those who do the deeds

Dostoevsky,

the new translation of whose novels (Heinemann) is reviewed in this Number of The Bookman.

or approve of them. M. Pierre Nothomb inherits a name that is famous in the annals of Belgian independence, is himself a poet, one of the best writers of the young Catholic school of Louvain, and, as a French critic of the book says, "none is more qualified to make heard the wailings and death agonies, to make movingly visible to us the gaping wounds of his crucified country."

One of the ablest books written concerning the causes of the present war is "The Evidence of the Case," published by Messrs. Putnam. The author, Mr. James M. Beck, was born in Philadelphia, and is a leading American lawyer. He held office as United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, under President Cleveland; and in 1900 was appointed First Assistant Attorney-General by President McKinley.

Mr. James M. Beck.

"The House of Many Mirrors," a new novel by Miss Violet Hunt, will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Miss May Mulliner, a gifted young artist who has a picture "on the line" in this year's R.A. Exhibition, has illustrated in colour and black-and-white a new edition of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, which Mr. Robert Scott is publishing.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston has made another collection of his short stories. He is calling the book "Tares," and Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing it.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. J. R. Osborne, who has been for some years with Messrs. R. C. Evans & Co., of Sardinia House, Kingsway, is shortly taking the position of London Representative to the well-known Publishing House of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., of Paternoster Row, E.C.

In the note about Mrs. Kenneth Combe in our last Number, we referred to her as the elder daughter of the late Colonel James Williamson. We should have said she is the elder daughter of the late Colonel James Williamson (formerly Oswald) and of Mrs. Estcourt-Oswald.

Questions that must come up for settlement as soon as Peace is declared are thoughtfully and

Miss Eleanor H. Porter,
author of the delightful "Polyanna" stories. Her second "glad" book, "Polyanna Grows Up," was published last month by Messrs. Pitman.

Photo by Lafayette.

Mrs. Kenneth Combe,
author of "Chief of the Staff" (Blackwood).

suggestively discussed by Mr. Henry R. Meyer in a little book called "After the War," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing.

Messrs. Macmillan have completed their admirable half-crown edition of Kipling ("The Service Kipling,") with "Traffics and Discoveries," and "Actions and Reactions," each in two volumes.

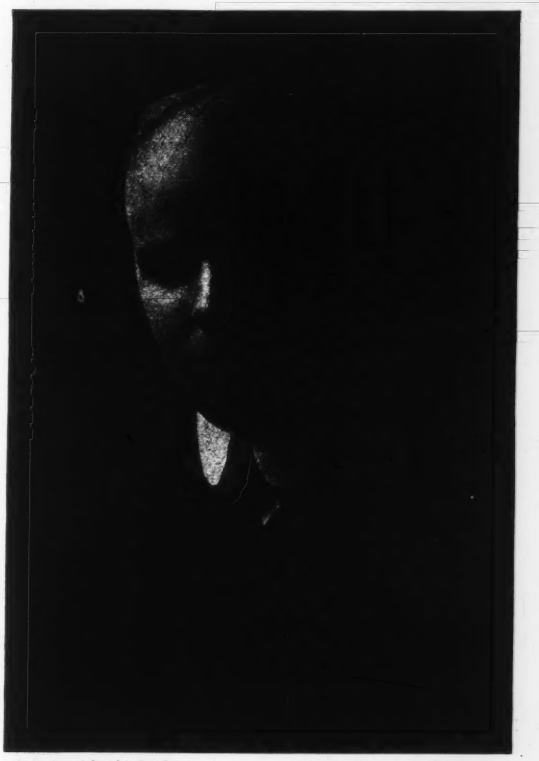


Photo by Adelphi Studios. **Mr. Evans Lewin,**
whose important work on "The Germans in Africa," Messrs. Cassell have published.

RUPERT BROOKE.

(Who died from the effects of sunstroke at Lemnos, April 23rd, while serving with the Royal Naval Division.)

Not in these latter years has Lord Apollo
Fathered a goodlier son
Than this dedicate one,
Who, hearing an urgent call he was fain to follow,
Bound to his back the lyre
And took the sword in his hand,
But was led by the watchful fates to his sire's own land—
And the splendid sire,
Not willing his boy should lie among nameless dead,
Touched his uplifted head
A second time with his fire,
And carried him out of the fight,
And set on his brows a crown of undying light
For the light of beauty and truth which himself had shed.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

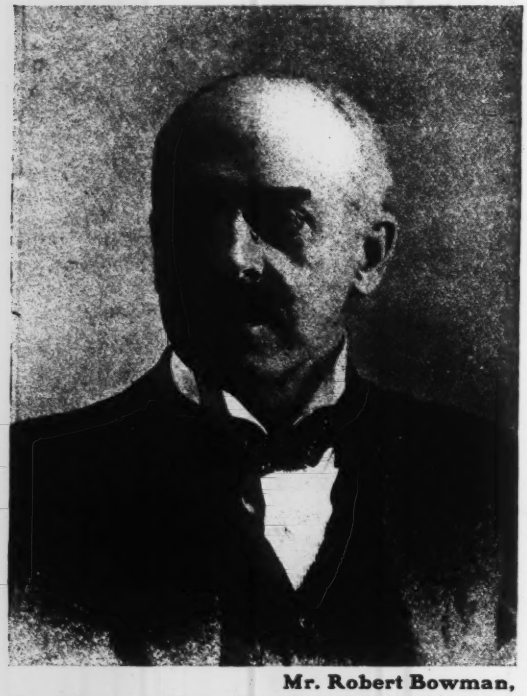
Lord Dunsany,
whose new book, "Fifty-one Tales," has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

The following are a few of the best of the newest War Books:

"With the German Armies in the West." By Sven Hedin. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"In Gentlest Germany." By Hun Svedend. By E. V. Lucas. 1s. net. (John Lane.) Wherein Mr. Lucas cleverly burlesques and satirises Sven Hedin's snobberies and extravagances in the first

Captain Charles G. D. Roberts,
the well-known Canadian author, now serving in the 16th King's Regiment.



Mr. Robert Bowman,
whose striking novel of Russian life, "A Lady of Russia," was recently published by Mr. Heinemann.

book on our list, and is no less cleverly seconded by Mr. George Morrow with a series of delightfully humorous drawings.

"The New Bernhardi." 1s. net. (Pearson.) Containing the articles written by Bernhardi, since the war started, to explain away the barbarous gospel he expounded in his earlier volume. A valuable book, with an excellent preface by Mr. Stanhope W. Sprigg.

"At the Front with Three Armies." By Granville Fortescue. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan,
whose new novel, "The Stolen Man," has just been published by Messrs. Everett.

"Changing Germany." By Charles Tower. 7s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

"The German Spy System." By Ex-Intelligence Officer. With a Preface by William Le Queux. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"War Time Verses." By Sir Owen Seaman. 1s. net. (Constable.)

"We are the French." By P. P. Sheehan and Robert H. Davis. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.) A story that is "touching and eloquent and full of brave national spirit," as Sir Gilbert Parker says in an Introduction.

"War Up-to-Date." A Vade-Mecum of Modern Methods of War, with a Naval and Military Dictionary. By Charles E. Pearce. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Miss Constance Smedley,
whose new novel, "The Fighting Line" (Putnam), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

"The Soul of Germany." By Thomas F. A. Smith, Ph.D. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

"Men, Women and War." By Will Irwin. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"Germany's Naval Plan against Great Britain and the United States." 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Evolution and the War." By P. Chalmers Mitchell. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

"The War and its Issues." By John Oman. 3s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

"Poetry and War." By Sir Herbert Warren. 3d. net. (Oxford Pamphlets: Humphrey Milford).

For much assistance with the illustrations in this Number we are indebted to Mr. B. W. Matz. Most of the drawings by "Phiz" are reproduced from "The Life and Labours of Hablot Knight Browne," by David Croal Thomson, by permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Two admirable examples of his work, "Death's Revel," and "Death's Banquet," are reproduced by permission of Messrs. Nisbet from "Phiz and Dickens," a delightful book of personal recollections by Edgar Browne, a son of the artist.

The photograph of Trollope on our cover is by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

THE READER.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

(April 24th, 1815—December 6th, 1882).

By Thomas Seccombe.

HAVING all my life lived in an atmosphere of appreciation of Anthony Trollope, it is to me a matter of very great interest to reflect on the question—Will this solid novelist survive? He has now lived over one hundred years. If you were to mention his name in mixed circles in 2015, would the *intelligentia* understand whom you were talking about? Trollope's characters do not go very far with the present generation. They have heard of Mrs. Proudie. But Mr. Chaffanbrass means little to them, no *cause célèbre* is suggested to their minds when you speak of Lady Mason or Phineas Finn. They could not tell you what John Caldigate was tried for or what befell the Eustace Diamonds. The interrogation we once thought so sparkling, "Is he Popenjoy?" leaves them cold. Lily Dale seems to them a little bit dowdy, Lucy Robarts they tolerate, especially those who remember her in her crinoline as depicted by Millais, but they cannot stand Mr. Moulder, or Mr. Quiverful—a name as repulsive I admit, as Marryat's Captain Oxbelly—and they are more than dubious about the verisimilitude of Mr. Slope. Trollope, by the way, was much more literary in his earlier novels than in his later. In "Barchester Towers" he develops the very improbable hypothesis that Mr. Slope was descended from Dr. Slop in "Tristram Shandy," and he also goes out of his way to ridicule Disraeli by his contemptuous reference to Sidonia as a usurer, and one of the most rapacious of his tribe. In "The Warden," in his capacity of Titmarshian, he burlesques Dickens as Mr. Popular Sentiment. It has to be remembered, though, that Trollope was at that time a sort of rival of Edmund Yates—another Post Office wit, and one of Dickens's chief adulators and aides-de-camp.

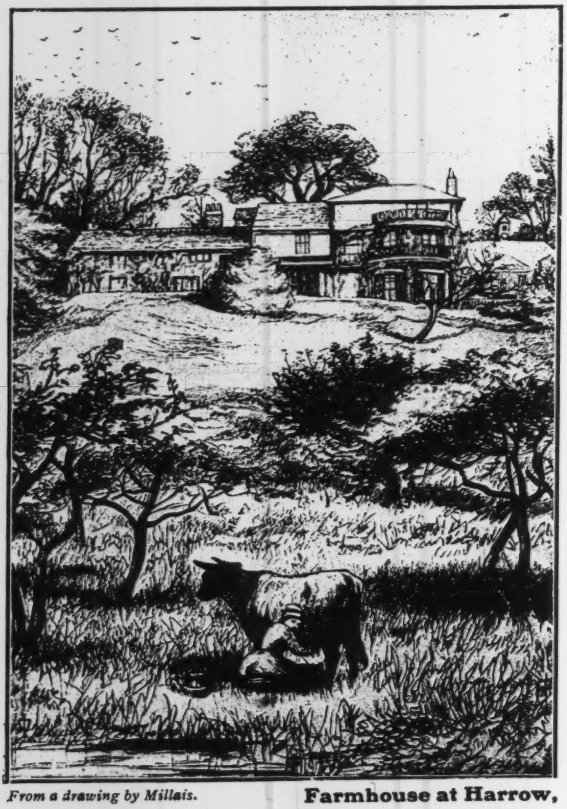
Trollope has received tremendous praise from contemporary critics and admirers of the old literary order. It is superfluous, perhaps, to enumerate Hawthorne, Henry James, Frederick Harrison, Frewen Lord, Lewis Melville, G. S. Street and A. B. Walkley. It is ominous, though, that two strenuous admirers in the old century, Leslie Stephen and Herbert Paul, put him to the test of the new, and found him conspicuously wanting. Some of the later writers on Victorian fiction have passed him over with the scantiest courtesy. When I think of the cupidity with which a new Trollope was eyed by the older generation, the solidarity of Trollope learning as it existed in the 'eighties, and the general indifference now, I must avow that, staunch Trollopean though I am myself, I am more than doubtful if when the *Gros Bourdon* of the twentieth century ringeth to evensong, there will be much of Trollope left to remembrance save the mere name. That he will survive in *morceaux*, and be exploited to their own immeasurable benefit by the social historians of the future, I regard as certain. But it is equally inevitable, I think, that the Highbrows and the Higher Criticism of the next sixty years will decry Trollope as no artist, a writer with less than no ideas, and that he will be increasingly neglected. A generation will arise who will know nothing whatever of the diversion we derived from "Ravenshoe" and "Johnny Ludlow," from the "Chronicles of Carlingford" from Cherbuliez or Marion Crawford. For my part I pity them. They have my profound sympathy. Trollope wrote most kinds of prose. Did he ever write a line of poetry? I admit I do not know, but should as soon expect a volume of poems from a superintendent of police. Among his works is an "Autobiography" which deserves to be read, and is as a matter of fact quite interesting, interesting in the same way as the "Life of George Grossmith" as the record of a public entertainer. It was in this unpretentious way that Trollope envisaged his existence. To have called him an artist would have been to evoke his rancourous disclaimer of any such fantastic and effeminate description. The evolution of the shy, clumsy, loutish and unappreciated youth and then the awkward hobbledehoy, always in debt and a disgrace to his department in the Civil Service, into the iron-willed, industrious, aggressive and self-confident, bouncing and barking prosperous official, club habitué, hunting man and popular novelist is one of the most astonishing on deliberate and authentic record. At the close he philosophises a little, gives a brief sketch of his fellow novelists, and goes on to tell us much about his literary motives and unromantic methods of work. The only parallel to it as a disillusioning document is "The Truth about an Author" by Arnold Bennett. When he tells us how he rose at 5 and ticked off 250 words by the clock every quarter of an hour until it was time for breakfast at 8.30, Trollope plumed himself greatly on his candour and veracity. A reliable literary artizan with a reputation to maintain for punctuality, he treated this part of his tale as a trade revelation—henceforth there would be less humbug talked about inspiration and nonsense of that sort.

Photo by Window & Grove.

Anthony Trollope.

He was cautious in one respect—the autobiography was published posthumously. But it did his literary reputation a bad turn. The public was

irrepressibly inclined to say, "Oh, that's how it is done, is it. Well! so much for that!" Trollope's industry was an equivalent to that of Scott. His energy and iron will enabled him to lead a double life just as Scott did. For three hours while you and I were asleep he developed his narrative, set his characters in action and wove appropriate dialogue. For the rest of the day he was a Postal Magnate, transacted business, travelled *en diplomate*, hunted, went into society and haunted numerous clubs until near midnight or after. What he does not sufficiently explain in his attempt to reduce writing to a question of mere cobblers' wax is the fact



From a drawing by Millais. **Farmhouse at Harrow,**
where Trollope lived with his parents whilst he was attending the School.

that he inherited a remarkable gift of story telling and unvarnished narrative from his mother, the authoress of the "Vicar of Wrexhill" and the "Widow Barnaby," or that his mind was a perfect storage of characters and experience observed for the express purpose of their subservience to the objects of prose fiction. He gestated his plots, and he carried his more vivid characters with him wherever he went. It is a ludicrous mistake to suppose that the great scenes in Trollope were hurriedly conceived or mechanically transcribed to paper. To lay so much stress upon his incomparable fertility and scriptorial industry, as Trollope does in his Memoir, is to commit a grave injustice to the faculty he possessed alike as feuilletonist, character-limner and man of the world.

Trollope was very near to the texture of life. His power resided in the realism which means getting close to the fact and the ordinary or average type, without making them uninteresting; and as realism gained his value seemed for a time to appreciate. He had an enormous public composed of people who liked to be initiated at second hand into the manners of the upper middle class, and of that class themselves who were amused by the general, if somewhat superficial, fidelity of the likeness. I remember an intellectual clown at Hengler's, of all places, making a sort of rigmarole of patter out of the titles of his books, and the product being received by salvos of cheers. So popular was Trollope as the distributor of a sort of vicarious happiness! No one, it is said, since Jane Austen has surpassed him in this power of patient and conscientious portrayal. Though he sometimes allows himself to appear upon the scene in person, a grotesquely unimpressive figure, he was more objective in this respect than either Dickens or Thackeray. Far more than they or even George Eliot he afforded his generation the peculiar pleasure of seeing in a book what they instantly recognised as familiar in life. Just why, the pleasure may be left to the psychologists, but it is of indisputable charm, and Trollope possesses it. We may talk sapiently and at length of his commonplaceness, lack of spice, Philistinism; he can be counted on to divert us. He lived valiantly up to his own injunction: of all the needs a book has, the chief is that it be readable. A simple test this, but a terrible one—that has slain its thousands. Few nineteenth-century makers of stories are safer in the matter of keeping the attention. You may step from chapter to chapter and from book to book almost without knowing it. The characters and the situations, the clerical conflicts and the hunting scenes repeat themselves again and again. Your interest may not be intense, but it is reluctantly withdrawn. You are always saying to yourself, "I'll read just one more chapter."

You don't always want *tendenz* novels. Trollope sets out in the most systematic way to produce a cycle of stories illustrating certain sections of Palmerstonian England, certain types of English society; steadily, for a lifetime, with the artizan's skilful hand and tireless craft, he laboured at his vocation. It is the very antithesis of the erraticisms and irregularities of genius. He went to his daily stunt of work, by night and day, on sea or land, exactly as the merchant goes to his office, the mechanic to his shop. Few conjurors have been able to produce such a diversity of work-a-day world characters from under a hat. He had the faculty of direct, unprejudiced, clear observation, and he trained himself to remember and record whatever he saw and could understand; and he was far less obtuse than he was apt to appear when you met him casually at the Athenæum or the Garrick. Without Barsetshire, it is possible that Wessex would never have materialised. The capital of one is Salisbury, of the other Dorchester. But they are farther apart than this. One is essentially middle-Victorian. The other reveals an ancient land, an indigenous people and a native soil.

The first reason why Trollope's novels will not be remembered, as Jane Austen's or Defoe's are, is on account of the large proportion of verbal alloy that they contain. A great amount of the copy that he turned out during his matutinal vigils was not worth committing. Septimus Harding was a beautiful character, and there is a considerable amount of charm, beauty, almost poetry, about the whole conception of "The Warden" in 1855. But he never got quite so high upon the same plane

again. In "Barchester Towers" of 1857 he reached his highest point of relevance, vivacity and accuracy in delineating character. In these two books, the underplots are present only in embryo. There is a wearisome deal too much about Tom Towers and *The Thunderer* in the first, and about the Thornes of Ullathorne in the second. It is easy to skip these chapters. But the tendency to develop the underplot as a sort of shabby genteel echo of the High Life episodes grew upon Trollope like a malignant disease. "Framley Parsonage" was not so bad, it was a great success, owing a good deal to the prestige of its illustrator Millais, and to the infant *Cornhill Magazine*. The *Cornhill* was to appear in January, 1860, and every kind of arrangement had been made in advance to ensure a complete triumph. But Thackeray, characteristically, had omitted to provide the new argosy with its heavy ballast in the shape of a first-class serial, and it was not until November that under the greatest pressure of urgency Trollope was induced to furnish the serial, under the onerous conditions to any ordinary writer that 20,000 words must be in the printer's hands by December 12th. This was mere child's play to Anthony, who grew despondent, and conscious of "grave irregularity" at once if he were not producing his fifty thousand a month. But two of Trollope's very finest efforts "The Small House at Allington" and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" are appallingly disfigured by underplots of the most tiresome kind which have to be carved out like ulcers, and the cutting out of which postulates a certain amount of surgical skill in a mere reader. His next best effort, "Orley Farm," is vulgarised by the commercial traveller episodes, amusing though they unquestionably are. As he progressed, Trollope became more and more prone to abandon the thread of his narrative and his main characters for description, philosophy or criticism of life. Unfortunately, he had no real gift for discerning

From a miniature in oils by A. Hervieu.

Mrs. Trollope.
The novelist's mother.

or appraising the beautiful, no ideas; while as a critic, his standards are grovelling. The in some ways admirable political series, beginning with "Can You Forgive Her?" continuing with "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux," and ending with "The Prime Minister" and "The Duke's Children," to which may be linked up "He Knew he was Right" and "The Way We Live Now," contain less of story and character, the novelist's strong points, and more and more of "life." Trollope seemed to imagine that Planty Palliser, whose career, begun in "The Small House," runs through all these novels, was his chief title to fame. But Planty Pall is an incongruity, he is not a consistent human character. It piqued Trollope to reflect that a pallid automaton of official action like Palliser should have such unrivalled resources and opportunities for satisfying every conceivable appetite that he, in particular, lacked. These books give us political England in the middle of the nineteenth century. Another series depict social life of the same period as revealed in manor and country houses and in cathedral closes and archdeaconries.

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

The Captain for the first time in his life tastes perfect bliss.

From "Can You Forgive Her," by Anthony Trollope.

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **The Tramps.**

From "Can You Forgive Her," by Anthony Trollope.

But the way we live now is not the way they lived then. Trollope's world has passed and the number of people who can check his details and his likenesses diminishes daily. The Barsetshire country life has well-nigh disappeared. Parliament and politics have profoundly changed; politicians are no longer venerable; Tom Towers has ceased to exist; we no longer live in a world in which to play croquet on Sunday is regarded as one of the seven deadly sins. What Trollope would have thought of the modern woman, cannot even be surmised. The very idea of a female on the top of an omnibus would have made him faint. Locomotion, communication, clerical and religious ideas, the standard of life that Trollope knew—all have passed. His work was realised from the outset as dealing pre-eminently with likeness. But the fidelity of his portraiture is becoming increasingly problematic, there are few left to verify it. His figures become more and more shadowy. They will call him a photographer of a dowdy age.

Trollope had great faith in his copiousness, but this will eventually tell against him. He had an ambition to surpass such volcanoes as Vitruvius, Defoe, Smollett, Balzac, Scribe, Dumas, Scott, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Braddon. In one respect he resembled most of them, he degenerated into something at times little removed from drivel. The test of readability would certainly not apply to such a tedious performance as "An Old Man's Love."

Another drawback to Trollope is his lack of ideality. There is no extraneous charm of personality, imagination, wit—no intensity of any kind. If his people are alive, and his fable runs briskly, all is well; but when the machinery gets clogged, and his characters lose colour, the coarseness of his mental texture begins to weigh heavily upon the reader, and his copiousness tells against him rather than in his favour. For there is no legend about Trollope to sustain a drooping faculty. Did he weep all night when he killed Mrs. Proudie, as Dumas is said to have done when he had to kill Porthos. We cannot believe it of him!

So it comes about that, in spite of the admitted fidelity to type, the unmitigated commonplaceness of Trollope's characterisation begins at a certain point to pall upon the reader, however well disposed he may be by reason of his admitted indebtedness to Trollope in the past as an unrivalled entertainer. He makes it an undeviating principle to keep rigorously to the realities of life. Passion is ruled out by avarice, and sentiment invariably subordinated to £ s. d. This is good as a corrective to too much idealism: but Trollope has too little. Life is often dull, no doubt, and the period of disillusionment only determines with death; but life, too, is often surprising, it does discover heroes and it is, as we all find out, full of the strange and the improbable. The clergy of a period may be worshippers of Mammon, desperately worldly and fatally opulent, but they can hardly be so entirely unspiritual and devoid of religious interest as the Archdeacon and his friends are represented. After reading much about Trollope's prudent, conventional, and extremely wideawake young ladies, one has a thirst for Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, Jane Eyre or Clara Middleton. Scott had a weakness for sobriety in his heroes and heroines, but Jeanie Deans or The Bride of Lammermoor are romantic indeed by the side of Griselda Grantly or Madeline Staveley.

By the excision of all that is energetic, or eccentric, or impulsive, or romantic, you do not really become more lifelike; you only limit yourself to the common and uninteresting. That misconception injures Trollope's work, and accounts, I suspect, for the decline of our interest. An artist who systematically excludes all lurid colours or strong lights, shows a dingy, whitey-brown universe, and is not therefore more true to nature. Barsetshire surely had its heroes, and its villains, its tragedy and its farce, as well as its archdeacons and young ladies bound hand and foot by the narrowest rules of contemporary propriety.

Nevertheless, there are moods in which one simply longs for something not too bright and not too good for human nature's daily dietary. I belong by right, I suppose, and certainly by affection, to a generation whose favourite darling and ideal heroine was Lily Dale. She was an unsophisticated dear, pathetically sentimental, but still a Lily. Her simple story is soon told. She fell in love with an odious swell called Adolphus Crosbie, who wanted someone to worship him as Juliette worshipped the sacred and imperial person of Victor Hugo. The Dales were good people, but Lily was portionless, and Crosbie diverted his attention to the Lady Alexandrina de Courcy. Trollope was in love with Lily himself, and London went mad with joy when his literary representative, Johnny Eames, gave Crosbie a black eye, and the two fell struggling over the bookstall on Paddington Station. The

Archdeacon, Dean Arabin, Mrs. Grantly, Grace Crawley, the Major, the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, Mr. Furnival, and a score of other characters—how extraordinarily homely and familiarised they were in the portrait galleries of forty years since.

Trollope's dialogue is in the main a strong point in his favour. It is unmannered, neither too brilliant nor too thin, sustained, and, in the main, lifelike. As a contributor to the great periodicals of his day alone, Trollope deserves a statue, for he was a model contributor. He never blotted a line, never wrote a naughty word or an ambiguous sentence, and above all, he could be absolutely relied on to come up to time. Procrastinating editors like Lewes and Thackeray blessed his name and wrote him big cheques (such as £2,800 for the two-volume "Claverings," which appeared in the *Cornhill* during 1867), without a qualm or a murmur. As in the range of Trollope's characters, so in his style evenness is apt to be compensated by commonplaceness. His style has been praised with discernment, even if a little over praised, by the critic who, perhaps, understood him most familiarly of them all, Mr. Frederick Harrison. He goes to the length of summing up Trollope's style as limpid, flexible, and melodious. Eloquence, poetry or power, in De Quincey's sense, no; but a plain, serviceable prose, lucid, fluent, harmonious and energetic.

There is no poetic ricochet or associational value about Trollope's choice of words, their direct ballistic value is all that he seems to care about. Within these limits, his accuracy deserves the highest commendation. Such easy reading as he provides conceals a mastery, which we are apt to assess as one of the simplest things in the world. To a man endowed as Trollope was with such narrative power, strong will and assiduity in effort, the gift came insensibly almost, but it is none the less a very valuable possession.

"From the first line to the last [continues the critic just named] the author strikes never a discordant note. We are never worried by a spasmodic phrase, nor bored by fine writing that fails to come off. Nor is there ever a paragraph which we need to read over again, or a phrase that looks obscure, artificial, or enigmatic. This can hardly be said of any other novelist of this century, except of Jane Austen, for even Thackeray himself is now and then artificial in "Esmond," and the vulgarity of "Yellowplush" at last becomes fatiguing. Now Trollope reproduces for us that simplicity, unity, and ease of Jane Austen, whose facile grace flows on like the sprightly talk of a charming woman, mistress of herself and sure of her hearers. This uniform ease, of course, goes with the absence of all the greater qualities of style: passion, poetry, mystery, or subtlety. He never rises to the level of the great masters of language. But, for the ordinary incidents of life amongst well-bred and well-to-do men and women of the world, the form of Trollope's tales is almost as well adapted as the form of Jane Austen. In absolute realism of spoken words Trollope has hardly any equal."

There is little creative about Trollope's work. He was an observer and narrator in the first instance. On a lower plane he criticised and reflected. He trained himself to remember and set down what he saw; and he also had the constructive ability to shape and carry on his story so as to simulate the effect of growth. With this went the valuable power of sympathetic characterisation enabling his readers to know and understand the people they are expected to take an interest in. Add to this a quiet everyday humour, a vast knowledge of human types, and a style in accordance with the unobtrusive harmony of the picture, and the main elements of Trollope's appeal to his contemporaries have been enumerated.

"PHIZ."

THE CENTENARY OF HABLÔT KNIGHT BROWNE.

By B. W. MATZ, Editor of *The Dickensian*.

I.

THE centenary of the birth of Hablôt Knight Browne, better known, perhaps, as "Phiz," falls on the 11th of the present month. In recalling the fact we are reminded of a statement he made regarding himself towards the end of his life, when his career as artist had practically ended:

"It is just possible," he said, "I have helped to amuse a few in my time, and in my earlier days I was a bit of a favourite, I think; but the present generation 'knoweth not Joseph.'"

That his own generation had forgotten him was not, of course, true. The statement was merely another proof of his innate modesty. It is not even true to-day, thirty-three years after his death, although his name is naturally not as familiar to everyone as it was during that period of the Victorian era, which yielded that rich vein of classic novelists with Dickens as its most imperishable jewel.

Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz").

In those days it mattered materially whether the novel was illustrated or not, and the announcement that "Phiz" or Cruikshank—to name but two artists—would present the novelist's characters and scenes pictorially often secured success for the venture, even before the quality of the story was known to the prospective reader. As illustrator of "The Pickwick Papers," the name of Phiz became almost as much a household word as that of Dickens, and the fact that the cream of the popular story-tellers of his time enlisted him in their service goes to show

Drawn by Hablot Browne. **St. Paul's Cathedral.**

View from Southwark Bridge.
From "Cathedrals of England."

how valuable a famous artist was to a famous novelist. Lever, Ainsworth, Le Fanu, Mark Lemon, James Grant, G. P. R. James, Trollope, Jorrocks, Smedley, are a few of the giants of the time with whom he collaborated, while he was equally in demand among publishers to illustrate such classics as Smollett, Fielding, and numerous magazines, "table-books," comic booklets and pamphlets, all of which bore testimony in their pages to his popularity. Dickens discovered him, and from the moment he commenced the task of illustrating "The Pickwick Papers" his name assumed a selling asset of no mean dimensions in the eyes of publishers and authors.

It may, however, be said that his art was peculiar to his time, and that, but for the sustained popularity of Dickens and, in a measure, of Ainsworth and Lever, Phiz's work would possibly be forgotten, or little known to the present generation. And so the hard fact has to be stated: that as the work of Dickens is immortal, so also is that of Phiz; reflected, it may be, from the greater man, but nevertheless so long as the one is read the other will be known. And although there are scores of readers who do not hesitate to express their dislike of the artist's work, there are very few who would value an edition of the works of England's most popular novelist without their original illustrations. To the student of Dickens Phiz is part and parcel of his enthusiasm; and a copy of "Pickwick" without Phiz's pictures is as much an anachronism as "Oliver Twist" without Cruikshank's, "Alice in Wonderland" without Tenniel's, "A Christmas Carol" without Leech's. And, further, it is the pictures in their varying states which enhance or detract from the commercial value of first editions.

II.

Hablôt Knight Browne was born in Kennington Lane, London, on June 11th, 1815, and was christened at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, in the following December. His son, Dr. Edgar Browne, of Liverpool, and F. G. Kitton, have given the date of the artist's birth as in July, but according to the parish register the exact date was June 11th.

He was the ninth son of William Loder Browne, who had a family of fifteen children, ten of whom were boys. He was given the name of Hablôt in honour of one of Napoleon's officers of the Imperial Guard who was engaged to one of his elder sisters, and who fell at the Battle of Waterloo. His second name was that of another friend of the family—Admiral Sir John Knight. His ancestors were Huguenots, who changed the spelling of Brunet to the English equivalent when they settled in Norfolk. Hablôt was educated at a private school at Botesdale, Suffolk, his tutor being the Rev. Wm. Haddock, who gave him every encouragement in drawing, which he discovered to be the boy's natural inclination.

When the time came, after leaving school, for deciding upon the career he should adopt, a choice had to be made between the Church and the Arts. Having decided upon the latter, he was apprenticed to Finden, the famous engraver, in whose studio he received all the artistic training he ever had. A fellow student in those days was Robert Young, the engraver with whom Browne became associated in later days in many business speculations,

Browne was not, however, enamoured of the mechanism of engraving, and his artistic genius inspired him with an ambition to make use of his talents in a manner unhampered by the exigences of the stock-in-trade of an engraver's art. In 1834, therefore, he cut himself free from those impedimenta, and sought a wider field for his powers. He had, however, a year previously received some public recognition by obtaining the medal of the Society of Arts for an engraving made by himself of his own drawing of John Gilpin, a picture full of that life and animation for which his later drawings have made him famous.

For a short time he devoted himself, in conjunction with a friend, to executing water-colour drawings in a small attic at the rate of three a day, which enabled him to subsist for the time being, on the simplest fare, whilst attending a "life" class in the evening.

The first publication in which Browne's work appeared was entitled "Cathedrals of England," a publication projected by a fellow student at Finden's—Henry Winkles. Browne contributed to the first two volumes

thirty-seven views, which were engraved by B. Winkles. The volumes appeared in 1836 and 1838 respectively.

In 1836 Browne and Robert Young started a studio together in No. 3, Furnival's Inn, Holborn, on the lines of Finden. Whether it was a prosperous undertaking or not there is no evidence to prove. But Robert Young and Browne remained fast and true friends for life, and continually worked together during the famous and full years of the latter's popular and hard-working prosperous days.

It was in 1836 that Browne became associated with the work of Dickens. The novelist published a little pamphlet entitled "Sunday under Three Heads," adopting the pseudonym of "Timothy Sparks," and this book contained three illustrations engraved on wood by "H. K. B." Whether this fact influenced Dickens's choice of artist to fill the post made vacant by the death of Robert Seymour during the early days of "The Pickwick Papers," is not definitely known. But as Dickens was living at the time only a short distance from Browne in Furnival's Inn, it may be assumed that it did.

Anyhow, when R. W. Buss, who followed Robert Seymour as illustrator of "Pickwick," failed to give satisfaction, Browne was the fortunate artist to step into the breach, and commenced by signing his pictures "Nemo." This he quickly abandoned, and adopted the now familiar "Phiz." So completely pleased were the novelist and publisher, that the artist and author henceforth worked together almost without a break until the publication of "A Tale of Two Cities," when the partnership was severed.

During these busy years Phiz did a quantity of work for other novelists and periodicals, to which reference will be made hereafter.

In 1840 Hablôt K. Browne married Miss Reynolds. They had nine children—five boys and four girls. For a time they lived in London—in Howland Street, Tottenham Court Road, and Fulham Road—but, for the sake of Mrs. Browne's health, a move was made to Croydon in 1846, where they remained for thirteen years. They returned again to London in 1859, but finally removed to Brighton in 1880. It was here that Browne died two years later, on July 8th, and was buried in the Extra-Mural Cemetery there.

Baldly stated, these are the facts of Phiz's career; and it would seem that comparatively little is known of the man apart from his work. He was an extremely modest and quiet person. He shunned local society, and his chief recreation was hunting. Unbusinesslike so far as his own work was concerned, he nevertheless loved his art and worked at it assiduously until ill-health overtook him towards the end of his career. But in those later years he accomplished much; and it would be difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of the number of pictures he was responsible for during his life. In 1883 an exhibition of his work was held in Liverpool and in London; at the former show over 400 items were collected together under one roof.

III.

To-day there are many who heartily dislike Phiz's illustrations to Dickens, asserting that the characters he presents in them are mere caricatures, entirely unlike any persons who ever existed, and, indeed, equally unlike the very "real" people so deftly drawn by the novelist with his own facile pen. That criticism is a terrible exaggeration, but is not wholly untrue. It is an incontrovertible fact that no modern artist has ever illustrated Dickens without basing his drawings on those of Phiz. Phiz created Dickens's characters for the eye—he visualised them for us, and modern artists who do not conform to that visualisation in re-presenting them by the aid of modern methods of art and of reproduction, can never hope to satisfy the Dickens student. The same, doubtless, would apply to Lever and Ainsworth and the rest. Personally I should decline for general use any edition of Dickens that did not contain the original etchings, although I have a high regard and admiration for the work of Frank Reynolds, Harold Copping, Cecil Aldin, and particularly Fred Barnard. But Phiz is the one man who created pictorially the Dickens characters: all others merely gild them. Whatever is said of them, moreover, it must be remembered that Phiz's work satisfied Dickens. At times he criticised details, and asked the artist to carry out certain alterations. But there was never any suggestion on Dickens's part that Phiz had caricatured his men and women. It was different with Lever, who, when "Jack Hinton" was published, said Browne's sketches were, as usual, caricatures, and made his scenes really too riotous and

Drawn by H. Browne. **Somerset House, Strand.**

From Woods's "Views in London.

disorderly. The popular idea that his books were full of uproarious people and incidents he owed, he said, to Master "Phiz." That was, however, probably a sudden outburst of criticism not meant for publication, for Phiz and Lever were great friends and sworn allies. Indeed, so much did Lever admire Phiz's genius that he once thought of issuing a newspaper to be called 'The Weekly Quiz, with Illustrations by Phiz."

Whatever the present generation may think of Phiz's drawings from an artistic point of view, there is no gainsaying the fact that the novelists whose work he illustrated gained considerable popularity in their early days by their association with him, whilst many a poor book often owed whatever success it attained to Phiz. Indeed, if one looks through the list of books he illustrated, there will be found scores of them whose names are entirely unknown to-day except to those who seek for "all books illustrated by Phiz," as the antiquarian bookseller puts it in his advertisements.

The fashion so successfully set by Chapman & Hall in issuing "The Pickwick Papers" in parts was naturally quickly adopted for other authors, and Phiz, who by then seems to have taken the place of Cruikshank as popular favourite, became, so to speak, artist in chief to the period. The serial form of publication was freely copied, an instance of which is found in Neale's "Paul Periwinkle"—an avowed imitation of "Pickwick," issued in parts in 1841 and illustrated by Phiz. The announcement ran, "published in every respect to correspond with 'The Pickwick Papers,' and illustrated by the same distinguished artist." It may have "corresponded" in form, but not in matter, except so far as Phiz was concerned. The more famous novelists who adopted the fashion with Phiz as their collaborator were Ainsworth, Lever, Smedley, Le Fanu, and Anthony Trollope.

Phiz was at the height of his fame then; and in the series of illustrations to the works of these distinguished Victorians some of his very best work is to be found. Not merely are his characters inimitably limned, but many of his pictures are little masterpieces of drawing and composition. He was a humourist who exhibited his buoyancy and frolicksomeness in most of his pictures, but he was nevertheless an artist of a serious and grave demeanour, whenever occasion demanded—and that was frequently enough. His imagination and realistic instinct ranged upon a gigantic scale; and evidence of this is found in scores of moonlight and moorland scenes and river effects, all of which are beautifully executed. Students of Dickens will recall some of these in "Little Dorrit," "Bleak House," and other books, and similar examples are to be found scattered through all his work, instances quite Rembrandtesque in detail and in feeling.

Whilst speaking of the method of serial publication, the fantastic cover designs must not be passed over. They were a hall-mark of a phase of Phiz's power for ingenious design, and each of them is as full of ideas and humour as is possible within the limits of a single page. To follow out and examine these details and the acrobatic performances of the various figures entwined in the design, is a pleasant and exhilarating task.

No space is at our command to criticise his drawings separately, nor to even indicate the amount of work he actually accomplished. Everyone knows his Dickens pictures and has certain likes and dislikes. There can, however, be no two opinions regarding the series of extra plates he did for "Dombey and Son," "Barnaby Rudge," and "The Old Curiosity Shop." These were chiefly single full-dress characters, such as Major Bagstock, Edith Dombey, Emma Haredale, Dolly Varden, the Marchioness, etc., each full of delicate line and perfect in characterisation. And to particularise again, one would place some of his pictures to Ainsworth and Smedley in the first rank. Ainsworth was proud of his association with Phiz, and was full of admiration of the artist's work. The opinion has been expressed that if Ainsworth's novels were read as much as those of Dickens's, Phiz's reputation would be far greater than it is to-day. Indeed, the same might be said of others, for Phiz's work was wonderfully equal in merit, which, considering the vast amount he accomplished, is astonishing.

As it is impossible to mention a tithe of the books which Phiz illustrated, so is it practically hopeless even to indicate the different phases of his work. As an illustrator of novels he is familiar enough, and when his name is mentioned it is in that connection almost entirely. But Phiz's canvas was of far greater dimensions.

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **On the Dark Road.**

From "Dombey & Son."

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **Edith Dombey.**

We have already mentioned Winkles' "Cathedrals of England," the first book he illustrated, which comprised a series of very fine plates of interiors and exteriors, showing a perfect knowledge of architecture. This was in 1836 and 1837, before and during the "Pickwick" days. About the same time he was doing similar work—reminding us of the famous Shepherd plates—for a "History of London," which were engraved by John Woods. He signed himself Hablot Browne, and the volume contains nine specimens of his work, eight of which are described as "Drawn by Hablot Browne from a sketch by R. Garland." The other is merely signed "H. Browne del," and is called "Somerset House," showing the Church, and the side of the Strand where the *Morning Chronicle* offices were. This gives it quite a Dickensian value, apart from the fact that figures very like Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell are crossing the road arm in arm, and Tony Weller seems to be on the box of a coach passing at the moment. The book was published in 1838; but most of the plates bear the date of 1837.

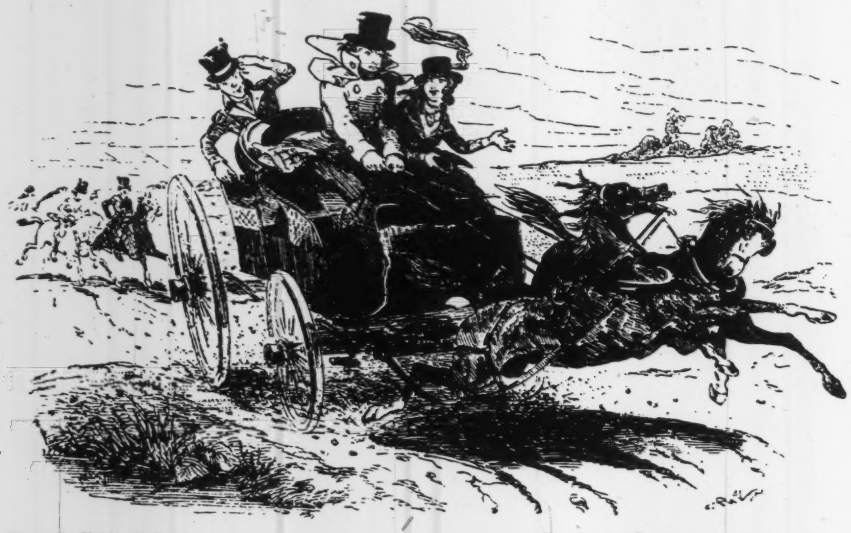
Phiz was fond of the horse, and we have already noted that the only recreation he indulged in was hunting. In his work as artist the horse always figures where possible; and we suppose he has depicted the friend of man in every known attitude. His letters and pencil notes are full of little thumb-nail sketches representing the noble steed, and he seemed to delight in illustrating books and magazines where he could give play to his fancy and art in this direction. In Frank Smedley's novels he had full scope for displaying his knowledge of the horse in action, as he did in "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities," in "Hunting Bits," in "Racing and Chasing," and in the *New Sporting Magazine*.

Of his other work in periodical literature mention should be made of that in *The Illuminated Magazine*, *The Illustrated Times*, *Judy* (in connection with which "A Shillingsworth of Phiz" was issued), *Once a Week*, *Sharpe's London Magazine*, and *The Union Magazine*.

To give a full list of the writers of his period whose books he illustrated, apart from those already mentioned, would be to recapitulate a mere catalogue, but the following should be mentioned: Byron, Mrs. Trollope, Blanchard Jerrold, Bulwer Lytton, Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, Augustus Mayhew, Albert Smith, James Grant, Mark Lemon, and Wilkie Collins.

At his death he left scores of unpublished pictures, paintings and drawings, amongst them were sets of illustrations to "Hartleap Well," "Venus and Adonis," and to Shakespeare's plays. The latter were reproduced in Phelps's edition, published in 1883. They were large in size, and engraved on wood. Some of Browne's most charming and delicate work is to be found in his pencil sketches, and there seem to be hundreds of them extant. His paintings in water-colour and in oil were numerous, some of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy and in other art collections; but with few exceptions, they had little claim to be considered the work of a master. His genius lay in his pencil sketches and his engravings, and on these alone his reputation depends.

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **"Sweet Lord, you play me false."**
From "The Tempest."



Drawn by Hablot K. Browne.

From Lever's "Charles O'Malley."

The Two Chestnuts.

Towards the later period of his life, Phiz was in monetary difficulties, brought about by his inability to work and his persistent ill-health. He became paralysed in his right arm, although to his friends he always maintained that he was suffering from nothing more serious than rheumatism. During this time one of his best friends was Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., who was instrumental in persuading the artist to apply for a Government pension. Browne prepared a memorandum for the purpose. It ran:

"I am sixty-three years old, and have been before the public forty-five years as an artist, constantly illustrating from month to month all sorts of books and authors—Bulwer, Dickens, Lever, Ainsworth, and many others; magazines, papers, periodicals and all sorts, comic and serious. It is just possible I have helped to amuse a few in my time, and in my earlier days I was a bit of a favourite, I think, but the present generation 'knoweth not Joseph.' I have had a large family, nine still living—four girls and one boy still dependent on me. I have had one paralytic attack, and I have been blinded of one eye for five months by acute rheumatism, but I am all right now."

Although this pathetic note failed in its object, the Royal Academy later, through the instrumentality of W. P. Frith, Sir Luke Fildes, and Wells, awarded him an annuity.

He recovered slightly from his affliction, and one of the last books he illustrated was the Household Edition of "The Pickwick Papers." But by that time it was very painful to him to hold his pencil; and it is not surprising that the results were poor and uncharacteristic of his best days. So he ended upon the book with which he began.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I. A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines of original verse on the new "Bantam" regiments.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best lyric is awarded to Miss Diana Royds, of Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth, for the following:

PEACE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Peace wandered weary on the field of war
Where, near and far,
Her own true sons cried out "The sword we take
For thy dear sake!"
Outcast she wandered, finding for her grace
No resting-place.

She climbed, and then she knelt—what messenger
Had help for her ?
Whispered a little wind about her hill,
And then was still.
Only the guns clove heaven with smoke and flame :
No answer came.

And then I saw her olive (plucked from thee,
Gethsemane !)
Shape, of itself, the Symbol of all loss,
Grow to a Cross—
Keeping, as altars keep the sacrificed,
Its crown of Christ.

Ascended ? Here, still here, O wounded brother,
O mourning mother !
He is our Peace ; where she is there is He.
His Calvary
She climbs ; His Resurrection-Garden, too,
Waits her, waits you !

DIANA ROYDS.

We also select for printing :

RELUCTANCE.

Marry, our day is brief,
Though time be as long as hate ;
And the joy or pain comes not again :
Love, it is getting late !

Pity, and now 'tis o'er—
Yet hold, we have still the night,
With its hour or so of afterglow :
Dusk of the old delight !

Tarry ? 'Tis soon the dawn !
O Love, is it hard for thee ?
Would'st thou have us stay and see a day
We were not meant to see ?

(H. Thompson Rich, Hanover, N.H., U.S.A.)

KINSWOMAN.

Kinswoman mine, whose haunting eyes
Still follow me in wistful wise.
From out thy canvas, where is limned
The face the years have hardly dimmed—
Your glance meets mine at every turn,
And seems to say you greatly yearn
To come down from your vantage-place,
And tell some story of our race.
Sweet lady ! How you'd prattle on
Of all our forbears dead and gone !
Though you may know not, it is true,
Much more of them than I of you.
Yet oft on you my thoughts are bent ;
For, in a chest of muniment,
All laid in lavender, there lie
Things that were yours in days gone by :
A girdle from your dainty waist ;
Your buckles too of sparkling paste ;
A bracelet, from your slender wrist,
Inset with pearl and amethyst.
No trinkets I, a man, may wear ;
But, when the days are over fair,
A child takes to the garden yet
Your parasol of sarsenet.

Fond trifles, faint with pot-pourri,
Air breathing old-world courtesy ;
Rare ribbons, gloves, a broken fan,
Faded epistles—from a man—
Upbraiding you, when all was young,
As flippant, pert, and tart of tongue.
Though country-bred, your flowered gown,
Dear Madam, surely " took the Town."
Your domino tells tales from far
Of masquerades at Ranelagh.
With ruffles, and with dainty lace,
And cherry bows to light your face—
I wonder with what Ralph or Hal
You flirted, up and down the Mall ?
I see those Bloods, with foolish leer,
Their pantaloons of cassimere,
Their quizzing-glasses, clouded canes,
Their periwigs for dandy brains—
They are my rivals ; and I hate
Myself, that I have come too late ;
For, in despite of Time's taboo,
Kinswoman, I'm in love with you !

(A. J. Thompson, The Homestead, Broadwater, Worthing.)

From the very large number of lyrics sent in this month we select for special commendation the twenty written by A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (London, W.), Christine Chaundler (London, W.), M. O. Noel (London, S.W.), E. R. (Hull), Lady Skerrington (Edinburgh), E. Ottilie-Bell (Blackheath), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), Constance Morgan (Hampstead), Edwin J. Pratt (Newfoundland), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Mrs. A. G. Greenwood (Gibraltar), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Gwenn F. Newnham (Dover), Gerald S. Swindells (Preston), Reginald Grey (Darlington), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Arthur Powell (Stratford, U.S.A.), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Owen H. Carsinne (Sheffield), Malcom Hemphrey (Aldershot).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Maud Leith, of Laurel Court, Precincts, Peterborough, for the following :

A MAN WITH NINE LIVES. BY RICHARD MARSH. (Ward, Lock.)

" I thought to pass away before and yet alive I am."

TENNYSON, *The May Queen.*

We also select for printing :

THE GOLDEN SCARECROW. BY HUGH WALPOLE. (Cassell.)

" Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

WORDSWORTH'S *Sonnet on London Bridge.*

(D. Bass, 55, Raglan Place, Ashford, Kent.)

PETER THE PARAGON. BY JOHN PALMER. (Martin Secker.)

" He goes on Sunday to the church."

LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

OUTLINES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW. BY C. H. STOCKTON. (Allen & Unwin.)

" Gone with a flavour of . . . gas."

R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

Drawn by Hablot K Browne. **A Sunday Row.**

From Dickens's " Sunday under Three Heads."

THE KISS AND OTHER STORIES. (Duckworth.)

" She faintly smiled, yet did not say ' Forbear ! ' "

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON, *Three Sonnets on Sorrow.*

(Mrs. H. M. Carrad, 7, Bowron's Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex.)

WITH THE ALLIES. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. (Duckworth & Co.)

" Honour and faith and a sure intent."

RUDYARD KIPLING, *The Vampire.*

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

THE INK-SLINGER. By RITA. (Stanley Paul.)

" A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

BURNS, *Captain Grose in Scotland.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—Of the numerous rhymed lines sent in to precede or follow Young's famous line " Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," several are very good, but most are rather disappointing. The, PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Mr. William James, of 4, Park Road, Merton, S.W. for the following :

TO A BELGIAN REFUGEE.

Pray Heaven may grant—to eyes that *cannot* weep—
" Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

We select the best six among the other replies and specially commend for them Mary Earle (Birkdale) F. Drew (Okehampton), Agnes Glynn (Gort, Ireland), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Jennie Morton (Croydon), J. W. Grant (Birmingham.)

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Mr. G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts, for the following :

THE UN-MAKING OF EUROPE. By PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Wilson's study of the War from the " unusual angle " of its effect upon " the life of nations, their finances, their ideals, their religion, their institutions " displays the practised hand of the journalist in marshalling material and presenting facts, and in addition has permanent value as a concise summary of events which presaged the war, its naval and military policies, its social, political and financial developments, its effect upon neutral nations. The present volume carries the record to Christmas, with a promise of continuation, and we look forward to a further instalment of this history of these tragic months.

We also select for printing :

ON THE FIGHTING LINE. By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Putnam.)

All " bachelor women " should read this story, for it appeals to all women who know anything of the struggle for existence, and none can help admiring Minette's brave efforts to keep her head above water. Her friends are varied and various, and are sketched by a discriminating hand, the writer evidently delighting in " types." The description of the provincial household in a small country town is inimitable, and there are countless passages which provide keenest enjoyment. One is quite sure that Minnette and Jack will " live happy ever after," and one is thankful that Minette got the best at last !

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

TYPES OF CHRISTIAN SAINTLINESS. By W. R. INGE. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

One of the most remarkable features of contemporary thought is the revival of interest in the mystical elements of religion. No one has done more to foster this interest, and to give it intelligent guidance, than the Dean of St. Paul's, whose books bear the evidences of sound scholarship and deep spirituality. In this small volume he indicates what he considers to be the chief characteristics of the type of saintliness produced by Catholic, Protestant, and Liberal Christianity, and his treatment of the subject, which is surely unique, combines a candid criticism with a reverent appreciation.

(Douglas Harrison, 9, North Street, Bromley, Kent.)

THE STORM DOG. By LILIAN ARNOLD. (John Long.)

This is a story of the land of Tre, Pol, and Pen, and to those readers who are familiar with the delectable Duchy it makes interesting reading, for the descriptive writing is highly commendable. The writer knows her locale, and the plot develops along lines consistent with the scenario. But it is, perhaps, too melodramatic to find popular favour, and the *dénouement* leaves one quite unsatisfied. The characters are well sustained, one in particular, that of the hypocritical old parson, being cleverly limned. The story turns on the marriage of a young and headstrong girl, and the inevitable unhappiness which usually follows such marriages.

(Arthur B. Longbottom, 31, Gerard Street, Derby.)

ALLWARD. By E. S. STEVENS. (Mills and Boon.)

" Allward " is a book of the open air, bringing to the restless mind of to-day, a soothing atmosphere of sunshine and wind—a scent of bog-myrtle, and green living things. How a world-worn man, possessed of the " Wunderlust," threw in his lot with the " travellers " of the New Forest, and lost his heart to a winsome gypsy girl, is told with conviction, and a real knowledge of the lore of the Romany, who lives at the very heart of nature. The tense interest never flags, while the vivid story in its picturesque setting has the charm of the unusual.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno, N.W.)

THE BLIND SPOT. By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

This is a tale of modern New York society. Two men. One a social reformer, clever, plausible, and making some noise in his world. The other leading an apparently useless life, wasting his wealth and his opportunities. Linda Grey, weighing the two men in the balances, finds Copley Latimer sadly wanting, and becomes engaged to the reformer. She bravely abides by her choice until the reputation he has built up crashes in ruins round his feet—and hers. He had been wanting in one thing, love for his fellow-men: which Linda discovers to be Copley Latimer's redeeming virtue.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Hugh W. Strong (Whitley Bay), Miss Jackson (Beverley), Miss H. M. Barrow (Wandsworth), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), K. B. Krishnamurti (S. India), W. Hamilton (London, W.), Mrs. C. Murray (Christchurch, N.Z.), Octavia Teale (Worcester Park), K. Fisher (Warwick), D. Noble (Newcastle), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Catharine M. Ritchie (Merstham), F. Webster (Walworth), Olive Gillespie (Wetherby), Archibald J. Hayden (Mansfield), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Sidney H. Crowther (Lindley), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Miss Hurst (Ramsgate).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

New Books.

A PROFESSOR OF ENERGY.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was, some eight years after the Indian Mutiny, born in Bombay, in which city his father, Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, was at the time of his son's birth Professor of Architectural Sculpture in the School of Art. In his sixth year the boy was sent home to England, and remained in the charge of a relative at Southsea until he went to the United Service College, Westward Ho! in 1871. School-days over, he returned to India and obtained a post in Lahore on the *Civil and Military Gazette*, retaining his journalistic connection with that paper until, five years afterwards, he became assistant editor of the *Pioneer*, the most influential of the many ably-conducted papers of India. No inconsiderable number of the stories of Indian life which have since made their author famous in England, the Colonies, America, and on the Continent, first made their appearance in the columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. It was some time after his reputation had been established in India that Mr. Kipling's stories were brought to the notice of people at home. His first introduction to them synchronised with the period when the Æsthetes were claiming public attention. Of this period Mr. Falls writes:

"It was a tired world, very ready to die, that Mr. Kipling demolished. It was the easier to kill [in] that its life was rather a reflection of life than life itself, a beautiful mirage set in an ugly desert, a fantastic pleasaunce walled in from the world as one of mere rottenness and decay betokens blindness or affectation. This school had its philosophy, and it was not a mean philosophy. It produced Wilde's delightful play, 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' one of the finest pure comedies in modern English literature; his witty and often really wise 'Essays,' his 'Sphinx and Salome.' It produced a whole sheaf of minor poetry and at least one poet, Mr. Arthur Symons, whose best work does not deserve the adjective. It produced, as its most typical flowers, the pallid women, soaked in sin, and the fat, leering rakes of Aubrey Beardsley. And its fact and fume, the fever of Dowson, and the savagery of Crackenthorpe, were fitting enough in a querulous age that was beginning to enquire whether the glories of the reign of Victoria the Good did not mask too many things that were far from being glorious."

The æsthetic movement was unoriginal, its ideas being borrowed from the Pre-Raphaelites, from Pater, and from the French Symbolists. It was also un-English. Mr. Kipling's work, on the other hand, was both original and English to the core. It may be that he did not set out intentionally to oppose and counteract the movement, but such in effect was the result of his writings. Mr. Kipling, as the author tells us, "laughed at Art with a capital A, representing the devil as requiring of every work of man's hands: 'It's pretty, but is it Art?'" That attitude may, and doubtless did, eventually, influence him, but at the outset he wrote as his genius dictated to him. The heroes of his stories did not bother their heads about Art either with a big or a little A. They were sent out to India, either as civilians or as soldiers, to do their work, and how well and efficiently they accomplished their task Mr. Kipling knows quite well. No writer other than he has brought home to the people at home so vividly the significance of the work accomplished by those in the public services under circumstances and conditions often so irksome, laborious, disheartening and perilous as might dismay all but the stoutest hearts. Energy in any shape or form calls forth Mr. Kipling's greatest admiration. He has been called the Professor of Energy.

Mr. Fall's monograph is a very welcome addition to the excellent series of critical studies of modern writers published by Mr. Martin Secker. Its author has studied his subject thoroughly, and on every page of the book there is ample evidence of sound judgment and critical acumen. The style is admirable. The opening and concluding chapters are specially to be commended. The greater portion of the work is devoted to a study of the short stories which made Mr. Kipling's reputation in the past, and on which his fame in the future will chiefly be based. Mr. Falls is of opinion that Mr. Kipling is the best writer of short stories in the language, and not many critics will be disposed to dispute the truth or justice of that judgment. The British soldier and the junior officers of the Army have never had a greater champion than their panegyrist, and his soldier tales and "Barrack-Room Ballads" have done much to promote a more sympathetic attitude of the general public towards that much maligned and misunderstood individual—Tommy Atkins. But that attitude has been of somewhat tardy growth. No one in these times would dare to say one word against that worthy individual, but one is wroth to think that the appreciation should have been so long delayed.

Mr. Kipling's literary activities have not been confined to writing stories. He is also a poet, some of whose poems will live. In addition, he has written novels, one of which —"Kim"—may be called great, and if he is not the originator of the idea of Imperialism, at least he has borne a noble part in accentuating and emphasizing it. And the present upheaval with which we are confronted leaves no possibility for doubt that the idea of Imperialism is a living and mighty thing, linking the Mother Country with her virile and valiant sons of the near and distant colonies—one in blood for the most part, but, for the time being, one most assuredly in aim and object, strong to shock "the three corners of the world in arms."

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **The meeting in Delamore Forest.**

From Ainsworth's "Mervyn Clitheroe."

* "Rudyard Kipling: A Critical Study." By Cyril Falls. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

We cannot better end this inadequate review of Mr. Falls' intensely interesting and well-written critical study than by quoting his summing up of Mr. Kipling's style :

"Mr. Kipling is not a master of uniformly beautiful prose such as—to take widely different examples—Addison, Goldsmith, Pater, or Mr. Thomas Hardy, but there are to be found, particularly in his later work, passages of a grace and charm that cannot be surpassed. Apart from this, he has at his command a vigour of phrase, a power of compression, a mastery of the weighty short sentence, a gift of 'working up' a situation by means of a few deft touches, that set him alone among the writers of to-day."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

POETS AND AN ANTHOLOGY.

The Poet Laureate has done English literature a service in rescuing a precious thing, which might otherwise have been lost, in the poetry of Digby Dolben.[1] This "wondrous boy," who died—accidentally drowned—at the age of nineteen years, left behind him a certain number of poems, two or three of which should find a place in all the anthologies as belonging to what the judgment that is for ever going on oblivious of the contemporary critics will sift out and set aside for the great treasury of English literature. Digby Dolben was deeply concerned with religion. It seems to us now a strange thing that boys of fifteen and younger—a group of Eton boys—could be found to whom the primary and essential interest in their lives was not so much religion as the discussion of religion. It was the after-wash of the Oxford Movement. There was a great awaking in the Anglican Establishment. The Oxford undergraduates of Newman's "Loss and Gain" who, on their daily walks, discussed religion endlessly, were in the making in these Eton boys. Digby Dolben had much in common with Lionel Johnson. One discovers in him the same passionate interest in liturgy and ceremonial which was characteristic of Lionel Johnson. Reading Mr. Bridges' Memoir, one feels that Digby Dolben in these days would have been unmercifully ragged. To be sure, the white blackbird has always a more or less bad time among his normal brethren ; but one finds no hint that Digby Dolben suffered at all at the hands of his schoolfellows, although the authorities at Eton found themselves obliged to take notice of his unorthodoxy. The Memoir is in a sense more enjoyable for its little bits of the Eton life in the early 'sixties than for its revelation of the poet, to whom it gives a freakish air which can hardly have been apparent to Mr. Bridges in those far-off days, since the loyalty of his friendship is undoubted. Digby Dolben was a boy of extraordinary promise. For performance he has left us a few poems which might have been written by Southwell. "Homo Factus Est," "In the Garden," "On the Picture of an Angel"—these have the authentic ecstacies, and ensure to this boy of nineteen a place in the starry procession of the English poets.

Digby Dolben had not the temper of the true mystic. His poetry is a singing of the joys and delights of religion. In a manner, the mystic conceals himself and hides his soul even when he is revealing it. Rabindranath Tagore has translated into English the ecstacies of an Indian mystic, Kabir,[2] and Mrs. Evelyn Underhill has written a preface for it. The difference between Kabir and Digby Dolben is that whereas one was curiously and deeply interested in the inner and the outer matters of religion and desired to share his thoughts and feelings with everyone he met, Kabir is a solitary who sits within the places of his own soul while the spirit pours from his lips. It is to say the essential difference between the East and the West. The spirit might have listened to Kabir,

"Make me thy lyre even as the forest is."

This book of ecstasy, which is never tired of praising and seeking after God, is a new delight not only for the lover of poetry, but for the Christian mystic as well. Kabir drank at the same fount of living waters as the mystic in all times, from the Psalmist to Thomas à Kempis, from St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross to A. E.

Doubtless this war will make many mystics, for it forces the world back on God. Here is a collection, calling itself "Song in the Night : A Little Anthology of Love and Death,"[3] put together by Mary Warrack, which is for this hour and day when the call, "Come unto Me all ye who mourn" is answered by many a stricken heart. The little book is full of healing. It is beautifully illustrated by that truly spiritual artist, Mrs. Traquair. This collection is made by one who has the true touch for beauty and nobility in literature, and it will bring comfort to many a one who is "in the night." The book is being sold for the benefit of the Everyman Fund for Belgian Relief and Reconstruction.

The fantastically-named "Enchanted Tulips"[4] is a book of verses for children by A. and E. Keary, who have already given proof that they possess the enchanter's wand for young people. This book of children's verses escapes one or two pitfalls into which the maker of such books usually falls. It is not the least bit in the world reminiscent of "A Child's Garden," with that everlasting amused eye of the grown-up upon the child. It is only just as humorous as the child chooses to be. And it is just as grave as the child chooses to be. Indeed, there is a great deal of charm and real poetry in these verses for children, as though a child wrote for a child.

"Poems,"[5] by Maurice Maeterlinck, one cannot help feeling, must have suffered much in the process of translation ; or, if they have not, then the poems are immature ; or perhaps Maeterlinck's poetry finds its true vehicle of expression in prose. The calm and lucent beauty that makes "The Treasure of the Humble" an immortal delight is absent from the poems, much as they interest one because they bear the magic name. Mr. Miall has, one feels sure, approached his task of translation in all reverence. He pleads that his rendering is at least faithful. But—are faithful translations of poetry most desirable ? When one considers the very few translations that rank as high as the original, it cannot be said that they are faithful. It takes a genius to translate a genius ; and then it is the spirit of the thing that counts, and not the formal words and expressions. Mr. Miall is most satisfactory in those Japanese-like short lyrics at the end of the book, each with its little tragic suggestion of the soul or the heart. The unrest of M. Maeterlinck's youth, when he craved for liberty and the world seemed sick, is interesting, because it is his. One's complaint of the translation is not that it is not careful and worthy, but that it lacks charm.

Mr. Laurence Atkinson's "Avra"[6] does not lack a sense of beauty in thought or in words, but Heaven has not endowed him with an ear. The queer staccato lines of his verses are most disconcerting to anyone possessed of a lyric sense :

"Black the dress
Of the lady
At the table.
And the shadow
Of her form
Makes rude incursion
On the ivory-calm walls
Of the dim-lit room."

This may have the pictorial sense, but oh, most assuredly it has not the sense of singing. Yet the little volume has somehow a sense of beauty about it that makes one wish

[1] "Poems by Digby Dolben." Edited, with a Memoir by Robert Bridges. 1s. 6d. net. (Humphry Milford : Oxford University Press.)

[2] "Kabir's Poems." Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

[3] "Song in the Night : A Little Anthology of Love and Death." Chosen by Mary Warrack. 2s. 6d. net. (De La More Press.)

[4] "Enchanted Tulips." By A. and E. Keary. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

[5] "Poems." By Maurice Maeterlinck. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

[6] "Avra." By Lawrence Atkinson. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

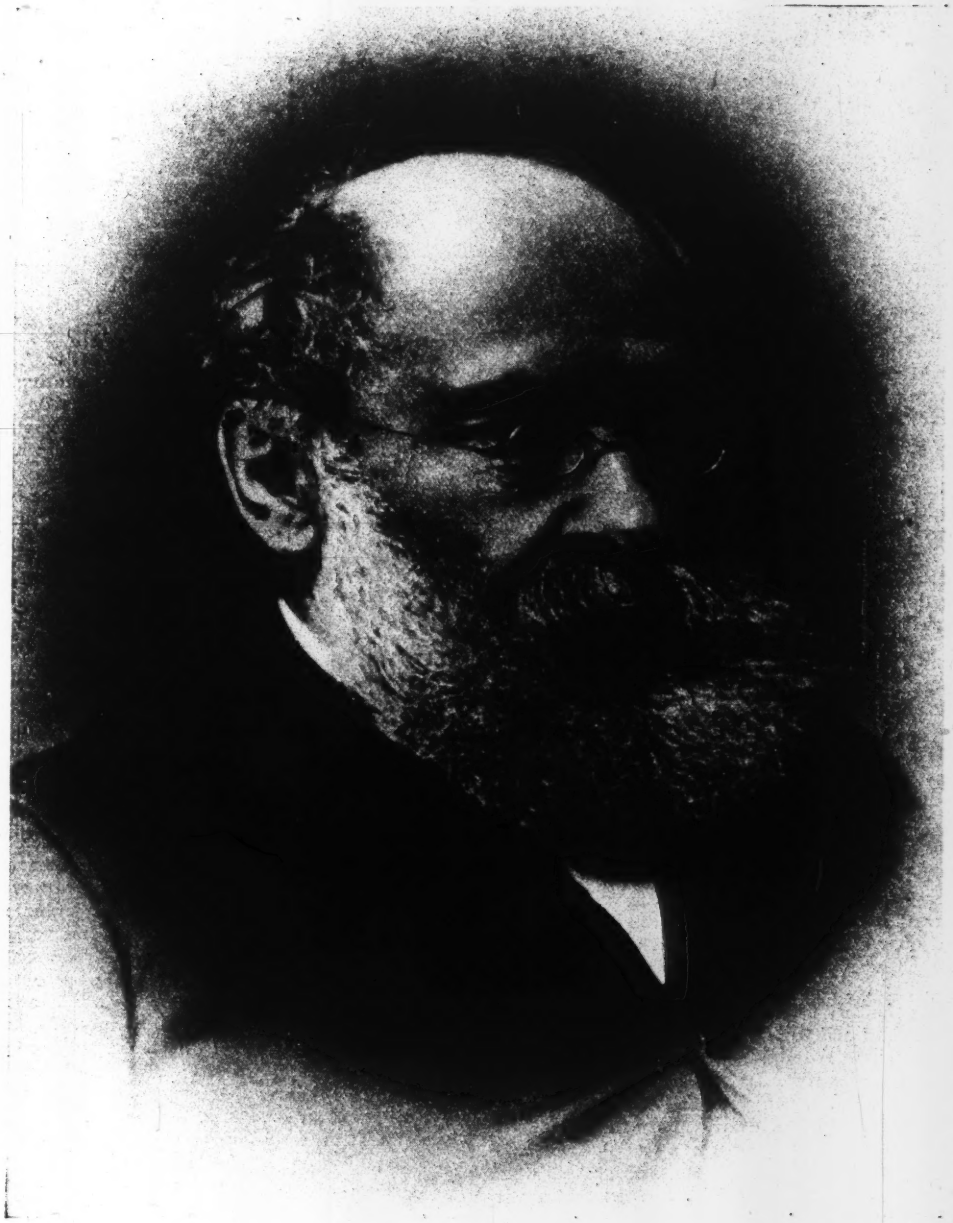


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Anthony Trollope.

that Mr. Atkinson would learn his art and give us pleasing things.

"The wind is hurrying,
Hurrying to the forest.
You can hear them—the pines—
As they whisper each
The coming.
And their violet shadows
See them tremble.
They also know . . .
And I alone
Amidst the forest of my dreams."

Mr. Atkinson might do better things, one judges from this extract.

The author of "From the Lowest Slopes"[7] has the gift of humility, and it may be that the humble enter in and possess the land. And so on the lower slopes of Parnassus this humble lover of poetry has gathered a handful of modest flowers which smell sweetly and give pleasure to the discerning eye.

James Rhoades has long since won his position as a poet of dignified accomplishment, and his "Words by the Wayside"[8] will recall to many a one that we still have with us this singer after a great tradition. This is the Victorian music, the stately music that is heard in college cloisters and in places where life walks with dignity and is not overmuch concerned with the clamorous crowd. Mr. Rhoades has known so well how to abstain from the publication of his poetry that one is almost startled coming upon this book in which there are many commemorative poems, bringing us down even to the days of the Great War. Mr. Rhoades' diction is always stately when the occasion deserves stateliness, but it can be gay and charming as well. Altogether a worthy book in the best sense of worth.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SEEING IT THROUGH.*

This war, of course, is a bad and bloody business, but it has done one incalculably good service already in opening the eyes of people all the world over to perception of the things that really matter. This may seem a very banal remark, but it is compelled by the opening pages of Mr. Adcock's interesting book, which recall the condition of domestic quarrel in which the British Empire was seething last July, and on which the German Head-quarters Staff certainly counted as a factor in the speedy success they expected. Labour troubles had reached an acute point at home, and in South Africa were straining the relations between the Imperial and the Colonial parliaments; India was embroiled with Canada over the emigrant question; militant suffragettes were paralysing the civil authority; Welsh Disestablishment was splitting the Churches; Ireland was on the brink of civil war. Then the war cloud swept up, the enemy struck, "and in a flash all our discords ended, and the whole British Empire, united as it had never been united before, rose out of chaos and stood four-square against the common danger." The Germans were mightily surprised; we ourselves were, a little, and at first. But the surprise affected the two Empires very differently. In Germany it developed the hatred which is epitomised in the famous tag "God punish England,"—an innuendo of fear, inasmuch as it suggests that Germany will be unable to do so,—and in England it developed a confident courage which is bent on "seeing it through." The difference between the two empires is essential and vital, and, suddenly confronted with a plain issue, every man and every woman in the British Empire dropped personal interests and hurried to strike a blow for principles. In a stirring introductory poem Mr. Adcock shows them gathering from every corner of the world, and summarises the contents of his book:

"These are they who, called to arms,
Came from shops, and desks, and farms—
Men of Peace while Peace was with us,
Men of war at war's alarms!
Swift the warning message ran
To the Empire's farthest span,
And they rose for England's honour,
Armed for love of God and man.

They have nothing there to gain
On the thunderous battle-plain
But the saving of the nations
That a tyrant would enchain;
They have seen the wrongs he wrought,
And, undriven and unbought,
Go to fight again for Freedom
As of old their fathers fought. . . ."

Those two verses are a fairly complete summary of the contents of the book. The story of how Britain answered the call is told in a series of pictures of "things seen," touched in with the deftness and vividness and appreciation of values that are characteristic of Mr. Adcock's work. But the story is not all that is worth noting in the book. There are definite, considered opinions on such matters as the necessity or advisability of conscription, the idea of nationality, and racial temperament, which give this unassuming volume a real value. Light, even cheery, in style, it has a steady sanity of thought that communicates the "courage armed with confidence" that belongs to ripe maturity.

C. M.

DOSTOEVSKY.*

The excellent enterprise of a complete Dostoevsky in English proceeds apace. Within little more than two years five lengthy volumes have appeared, totalling among them not far short of three thousand pages. We are astonished both at the liberality of the publisher, who gives so much for such a moderate price, and at the courage of Mrs. Garnett, who treads with such ease and assiduity the hard way of translators. The propagation, among English readers, of these intense enlightening novels in a form so cheap and so excellent is an enterprise that calls for very high admiration. I venture, however, to repeat the suggestion I made when the first volume appeared—that a list of the characters with the variants of their names should be appended. There are precedents for this in the old Tolstoy translations, and in some recent editions of Dickens. The stage of Dostoevsky is not remarkably crowded, it is true; but readers unused to Russian novels do find the names rather puzzling. The suggestion of a list arises not so much from my own fancy as from the complaints of some whom I have persuaded to read these actual translations. Mrs. Garnett once tried the bold experiment of dropping the feminine affix, and calling (for instance) the wife of Karénin "Karénin" instead of "Karénina." Perhaps a translator bolder still will drop the Russian formalities altogether, and give us something like the Western simplicity of address.

Anything that tends to make straight the way of the reader is to be desired, for Dostoevsky is certainly hard—hard through the high level, not of his intellectual plane, but of his emotional plane. "Diana of the Crossways" is not easy to read, because its highly elaborate expression of ideas makes many demands on the reader's intelligence; "Crime and Punishment" is not easy to read, because its intense expression of deeply troubled soul-states exhausts, by sympathy, the reader's feelings. Emotional activity is as tiring as intellectual activity. You may laugh or cry yourself as exhausted as any brainwork will leave you. It is this peculiar intensity of Dostoevsky's that makes him trying and tiring to read. You share Raskolnikov's terror; you long to hurry to the crisis of his agony; but,

[7] "From the Lowest Slopes." By Clare Martin. 2s. 6d. (Humphreys.)

[8] "Words by the Wayside." By James Rhoades. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

* "Seeing it Through." By A. St. John Adcock. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

* The Novels of Fyodor Dostoevsky: "The Idiot"; "The Possessed"; "Crime and Punishment"; "The House of the Dead." Translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett. 3s. 6d. net each. (Heinemann.)

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **Death's Revel.**

From "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne (Nisbet).

like him, you are exhausted by suffering, and have to pause through sheer weariness. "Crime and Punishment" has one of the most terribly fascinating plots that novelist ever conceived, and such scenes as Sonia's reading of the Gospel and the lawyer's private appeal to Raskolnikov are scarcely to be equalled for intensity. However, just as Raskolnikov after his confession found peace of mind at last in his Siberian prison, so the reader who has shared the young student's suffering will turn with relief to such a book as "The House of the Dead," which, though it abounds in scenes of horror native to a convict prison, exhibits also the soul of goodness in things evil. The text of Dostoevsky's other books might be, "We men are also sinners"; the text of this might be, "We sinners are also men."

"The House of the Dead" has the special interest of being a direct transcript of Dostoevsky's own experience as a convict, just as the narrative of Myshkin, in the early chapters of "The Idiot," describes what Dostoevsky himself suffered when he was brought out on that awful winter morning to be executed, as he believed, but actually to be reprieved, as he stood stripped, awaiting the shots. "The House of the Dead" has yet another quality by way of relief: it is simple. It is the narrative of a prisoner describing his place of torment and his fellow-sufferers; so it is (to use the inevitable word) more "objective" than the books that explicate the complex psychology of sick souls. The defect of any psychological analysis is that it tends to obscurity, and Dostoevsky cannot escape paying the price of his qualities. "The Idiot" and "The Possessed" are both obscure. In the former, Myshkin, simple, loveable, almost Christ-like in character, is expressly termed the "idiot" because of his epilepsy (another touch of autobiography), and his childish innocence of nature. This is as well; for otherwise the puzzled reader might wonder which, precisely, among the crowd of apparent mad folk in the story the author chose for his titular idiot. The paradox of the book is the sanifying influence of the supposed idiot. He passes among the struggling, writhing, excited crowd of alleged sane people, and calms one, leads another, restrains a third, and so on; and when, in the end, one wild creature has murdered the woman he adored, it is the "idiot" who comes and keeps a dreadful vigil with the unhappy wretch, watching in silence by the dead. Such a subject does not make for clarity; and when to this real difficulty there is added an exuberance of detail imperfectly subdued to the general design, the effect is certainly puzzling to the kind of reader who desires no more from a novel than he gets from a cigar and a liqueur after dinner.

Our own Dickens, beloved of us as Dostoevsky is of his countrymen, has, beyond almost any writer, the mastery of detail that Dostoevsky lacks. The canvas of Dickens is crowded indeed, but every stroke is put on with the touch of a supreme craftsman. In Dickens nothing is wasted. The most extravagant of artists in one sense, he is, in another, the greatest master of artistic economy. But Dostoevsky is carried away by the sheer delight of elaborating his detail, and lets his main design suffer; just as Dickens (on the side of matter) is carried away sometimes by his missionary spirit, and over-emphasises his colour. Dostoevsky is sometimes confused, but he never sophisticates even for the humanest of reasons. Dickens and Dostoevsky both pitied nobly the "poor folk" of the world; but in Dostoevsky the pity is an artistic emotion, in Dickens an artistic motive. Compare the death of the Chancery prisoner in "Pickwick" with the death of the

Drawn by Hablot K. Browne. **Death's Banquet.**

From "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne (Nisbet).

consumptive convict in "The House of the Dead," and you will see the difference. The purpose of Dickens is so noble that you forgive him his melodrama; in Dostoevsky there is nothing to forgive. He, great artist by instinct, knew in such moments when to hold his hand. The character of Marmeladov is another instance of his restraint. You see this drunken, drivelling, tearful waster for a few moments only. He has every quality of the comic drunkard; yet Dostoevsky sets him down without a touch of excess, neither laughing at his drunken extravagance nor sentimentalising over his wretched end. The result is a moving piece of perfect literary art, reminding us (as we need to be reminded sometimes) that even in lowly subjects beauty is truth, and truth beauty.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A BRILLIANT FIRST NOVEL.*

The author of "Peter Paragon" is the well-known dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review*, and if in any man you may expect a cynical and disillusioned attitude towards life, you may expect it from the critic turned novel-writer. Youth, with its compromising enthusiasms and truculent censures, has long been hunted remorselessly out of critical work, for your critic knows too well that editors require old heads on young shoulders. To his abounding credit, Mr. John Palmer stands for something better in criticism than level-headedness, and in his first novel he has borrowed prodigally from his youth instead of trying to repress it. It may be that his memories of youth are not very ancient. At any rate, they are fully charged with ardour and sensitiveness, and the reader who is not too old at forty will find that Peter, in his hasty stumblings on love, provides an interpretation of adolescent experiences which, in the case of most of us, the perspective of memory has made precise, but which time has made impersonal and difficult to relate to the present. Peter Paragon in his twenties thought more of love than of anything else; love alone was urgent and clamorous. His problem was to reconcile physical and spiritual passion; on the face of things it seemed simple enough to separate them; where so many women were attractive, surely there could not be only one, to be sought like a needle in a haystack, who could satisfy both. If Peter was virtuous it was not because he was in love with the idea of virtue; there was in him, however, a fastidious aversion from being fobbed off with the second-best in love, while the best could still be rapturously imagined. The "incident," while a vision of ideal love lasted, was not tolerable, though it persisted in presenting itself glamorously as an expedient.

I am not quite satisfied with Mr. Palmer's solution of his hero's difficulty. After tentative ventures with other women, Peter's first love, Miranda, appears miraculously from an ocean tomb to marry him. It is not the miracle I object to; this casual disregard for probabilities is not so much lack of inventiveness as contempt for literary tricks; but I do not think that Peter, in the last chapter, has developed far enough for his ideal marriage. Miranda is going to make him a perfect wife, but he does not yet quite deserve such luck. Mr. Palmer has solved the burning problem of youth with an accident: he pitchforks Peter into the ideal love before Peter realises the nature of his ideal. Life may do these easy, banal things, but the novelist must not. Peter is an engaging young man who deserves to be happy in the long run, and of course a book must have an end, but I want to see him working out his own salvation by discovering the true romance of reality after all his illusions about it have been shattered.

In a review as short as this it is only possible to suggest, as allusively as possible, the rareness of Mr. Palmer's sympathy with youth. His book has other virtues, virtues of style and sanity and humour, and his Oxford is perfect in its malice. There are some faults too. His political world is false, and it has no right to be false. But the balance marks "Peter Paragon" as an exceptionally fine novel, and arouses the highest hopes of Mr. Palmer's next.

O. R. D.

* "Peter Paragon: A Tale of Youth." By John Palmer. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.*

It is some years now since Mr. John H. Ingram gave us in "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates" an admirable study of the life and work of the first of our great dramatists, and it was a happy selection on the part of the editor of Messrs. Harrap's "Poetry and Life" series that set him to write this interesting little book on "Marlowe and his Poetry," which combines biography and poetry in the best way, seeking to show how the life of the dramatist influenced his work, throwing sidelights on his character out of the utterances of the imaginary men and women of his creation, as in "Faustus," where there can be little doubt that Faustus's self-communings express the doubts and ambitions that were Marlowe's own and that led to his abandoning the career of the Church upon which he had entered.

Mr. Ingram is, it is needless to say, of the true faith; his appreciation of Marlowe's genius is sure and high; he discriminates, but his criticisms are always sound, and he has a noble gift of praising in no uncertain strain the fine things both in Marlowe's poetry and in his personality. His glowing praise of "Hero and Leander," and the passages he quotes from it should send new readers to enjoy all there is of that immortal fragment. Even those who have no acquaintance with Marlowe, and there are such unfortunates, can hardly read this thoughtful story of his life and the well-chosen selections from his plays and poems that are scattered through it without feeling that Mr. Ingram is justified of his assertion that the death of such a poet at the age of twenty-nine "was the greatest loss English literature ever suffered." In a word, this is a most desirable addition to an altogether excellent series.

DRAKE IN THE PACIFIC.†

In reading the more or less obscured lives of the great dead, one is often tempted to wonder how much we should change our opinions on this or that man or woman if we only knew the whole truth of them. Naturally some heroic figures would come down to a more ordinary level; and that fact would give us pause, even if we could have all the dark corners lit up. For, just as there would be pleasure in knowing that some of the Neros and Messalinas were not so black as Time's deep shadows and half-lines have left them, so we should be sorry to discover that most of our gods and goddesses of romance were just as earthy in their several ways as the Olympians were in their material loves and hates.

It was with such thoughts and fears at work that I, for one, opened these pages of fresh illumination on the first of our great empire-builders. But the fears passed away. The fiery, fiddling Devonian remains the same enthralling figure that "singed the King of Spain's beard" in that King's own harbour, and was ready to try to do it again. The same? No, not quite. He comes out even better than of old. We have grown accustomed to look on him as rather a rough sea-dog—boisterous, like to the waters over which he roamed in such devil-may-care a style, with the none too polished manners of his day, and the feeling of one who had a bone to pick with every Spanish craft he met. And every other vessel—if not more—in the Atlantic and Pacific was a Spaniard at that time; hence so much picking of very meaty bones on his part. And—

* "Marlowe and His Poetry." By John H. Ingram. 1s. net. (Harrap.)

† "New Light on Drake: A Collection of Documents Relating to His Voyage of Circumnavigation, 1577–1580." Translated and Edited by Zelia Nuttall. Illustrated by a Map and Plates. (The Hakluyt Society.)

as Mrs. Nuttall has discovered, amongst other things, by dint of infinite pains—it was over one such that he came out so much more a gentleman than it has been the common habit to regard him.

He had seized on one da Silva, a Portuguese, who knew the coasts of South America, and compelled him to be his pilot. It was by this means that Drake passed through Magellan's Straits into the Pacific. Of Englishmen, "he was the first that ever burst into" that unpacific ocean. Nor was he there long—after having weathered a severe gale that drove him far down south—before he began to take that toll of King Philip's treasure-ships, which he took so often and so freely, in return for what had been taken from him nine years before. Amongst the vessels plundered off the West Coast on that occasion was the *Nuestra Senora de la Concepcion*. Her master, one San Juan de Anton, had the misfortune to approach Drake after sunset, under the impression that his was a Chilian vessel. Drake immediately laid alongside him, shot away his mizzen-mast, drove his crew below with a volley from arquebuses, then boarded him, shouting that they were Englishmen, and commanding the Spaniard to strike sail. San Juan could not believe that an Englishman had found his way into the Pacific; but, when it was all over, was taken aboard the *Golden Hind*—re-christened from *Pelican* for the sake of luck, after a series of disasters. Drake, then "removing his helmet and coat of mail," embraced the Spaniard and said, "Have patience; for such is the usage of war." All the same, Drake relieved him of some 400,000 pesos in bars, reals and gold, 106,000 of which belonged to his Majesty of Spain. In fact, according to the documents discovered by Mrs. Nuttall, San Juan's sworn deposition being amongst them:

"The sum total of the gold and silver that this English Corsair took in the South Sea, between the port of Valparaiso, where he plundered the *Capitana* named 'Los Reyes,' and the Cape of San Francisco, where he robbed San Juan de Anton, amounts to 447,000 pesos in coin, without counting the value of much porcelain, jewels of gold and silver, precious stones, and some pearls, as well as stuffs and vituals. The damage done to the ships which he set adrift in the gulf (he made several captures between the two mentioned above), together with what he seized in the bark of Chilca, which was worth more than 2,000 pesos, has been unanimously estimated as being of another 100,000 pesos. No estimate has been made of the many small things that he took in different places"—such as "the vituals he wanted and two casks of water, tackle, sails, canvas and a cable" from San Juan's carrak.

He had lost three vessels since he left Plymouth; but this was not a bad piece of work to make up for them. No wonder that Drake then got rid of his Portuguese pilot, and kept away to the nor'-nor'-west, with the intention of returning home by China. He did not reach so far east, however, but he had the pride and satisfaction of being knighted by Queen Bess on his vessel's deck at Deptford, when he came back. Of course, we already knew much of that voyage—Drake's fifth to the West, and his third with himself as commander of the squadron. But the narratives left by Cooke, Cliffe and others were fragmentary and rather conflicting. Now Mrs. Nuttall's discoveries in the Mexican national archives and in those of Spain and Portugal, link up the pieces until we have a fairly connected whole; the main "find" being the log that Nuño da Silva kept of the fifteen months he spent as a prisoner aboard Drake's ship. This he afterwards supplemented, in a way, by two detailed narratives, which were made and sworn to before Spanish and Portuguese authorities. One point that had never been cleared up properly was whether or not Drake had any written command from the Queen as to this, his greatest, expedition. It was raised when Drake tried Doughty for mutiny, and had him executed, and has been the subject of contentions ever since. Now we know, from da Silva's testimony, made under oath in a Mexican prison, that Drake was furnished with a royal "comyssyon." Students of Elizabethan times, and writers on Drake in particular, will always be deeply in the debt of Mrs. Nuttall.

J. E. PATTERSON.

JANE CLEGG.*

Mr. Ervine is a playwright of considerable experience belonging to the modern Irish school, who deliberately ignore the heroic or the sentimental and paint life as it is. He has the true dramatic sense, his style as becomes his subjects is studiously simple; and his work has enough literary form to be worth reading. He dedicates this play to Bernard Shaw, nevertheless it does not belong to the Shaw school, for it is concerned with an entirely human topic; it's theme is not a problem in sociology or ethics, but a story of the clash of temperaments. The plot is confined to three days, in which the outcome of past actions is seen to come to a head.

Henry Clegg is a commercial traveller, a good-natured fellow: the kind of man of whom people say "he is his own worst enemy"; his wife has seen through him, has pardoned much for the sake of the children, but cannot forgive, and her love has well nigh died, but she keeps things going. Henry gambles, keeps a mistress, and to extricate himself from his difficulties cashes a cheque belonging to his firm. The cashier calls upon him for an explanation, at the same time the "bookie" to whom he is in debt appears. Everything then comes out, his various lies and excuses are all exposed. His wife gives up some of her money (for the sake of the children) that he may get off to Canada and his good name be preserved. As she is saying farewell she calls him an absolute rotter, to which he replies, making some sort of apologia:

"I don't know. I'm not a bad chap, really. I'm just weak. I'd be all right if I had a lot of money and a wife that wasn't better than I am. . . . I ought to have married a woman like myself, or a bit worse. That's what Kitty is. She's worse than I am, and that sort of makes me love her. It's different with you. I always feel mean here. Yes, I am mean, I know that, but it makes me meaner than I really am to be living with you. Do you understand, Jane? Somehowthe me an things I do don't amount to much. I can't tell 'em to you or carry 'em off as if they weren't mean, and I do meaner things to cover them up. That's the way of it. I don't act like that with Kitty."

After a study of these modern "psychological" plays we are confirmed in our view that their subjects are better fitted for the novel than the stage. That the authors themselves feel this is shown by so many of them turning with success to the larger scope given by prose fiction.

A. H. J.

WILLIAM MORRIS†

These two last volumes of the Collected Works of William Morris are among the most interesting of the twenty-four; the twenty-fourth, containing chiefly unpublished verses of the early and middle periods, will be for some quite the most interesting of all. The twenty-third also contains practically new things, not only letters from Morris in Wales, France and Italy, interwoven with Miss May Morris's introduction, but certain unpublished lectures, tracts, and articles, on Socialism, not included in "Signs of Change," or "Architecture, Industry, and Wealth," with which they are here printed. These papers, "How I became a Socialist," etc., are valuable as containing Morris's pronouncements on subjects dear to him, still more so as being full of those accidental self-revelations of which Morris, with all his articulateness, was capable to the last.

A mere enumeration and briefest description of the new-old poems in the twenty-fourth volume would fill this page. Briefly, they are the "Scenes from the Fall of Troy" ("Helen arming Paris," etc.), and some "Arthurian," and other pieces also belonging to the period of "The Defence of Guinevere," and already quoted by Miss Morris in her

* "Jane Clegg: A Play in Three Acts." By St. John Ervine. 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "Collected Works of William Morris: 'Signs of Change,' 'Lectures on Socialism' (Vol. XXIII.), 'Scenes from the Fall of Troy' and other Poems (Vol. XXIV.)." With Introduction by his daughter, May Morris. 24 vols. £12 12s. (Longmans.)

notes to an earlier volume—" The Wanderers," a suppressed introduction to " The Earthly Paradise," more than 2,000 lines long, in octosyllabic four-line stanzas; " The Story of Aristomenes " and " The Story of Orpheus," which grew too weighty for " The Earthly Paradise "; the fragmentary " Wooing of Swanhild," which is part of " the growth and development of ' The Earthly Paradise ' tales, and a link, too, between the frame of mind of the time and that of the later handling of the Volsung epic "; and, lastly, " The Pilgrims of Hope," of which " The Message of the March Wind " was the opening section, the best and the only one published. " Unless," says Miss Morris, " anything turns up from some unexpected quarter, all my father's pieces of early date that have any quality of beauty, or that in any way throw light on his character and ideas, have been considered "; those not even yet published have been quoted in this edition. Unless they have been destroyed, curiosity both idle and studious will ask for the whole of them.

Everyone who cares will be glad to see the work now printed from manuscript. Nearly everyone will admire Morris's judgment in rejecting it. Those portions that are as good as the published work of their period would have added to it no more than bulk. Some, undoubtedly, are inferior. The Prologue to the " Earthly Paradise " can be read now chiefly with the feeling, how good this is, how like Morris that is, but how slight is the sum of it! " Orpheus and Eurydice," which actually went to the printers as part of the " Earthly Paradise," is worse. Look at this sentence:

> " With none of these our story dealeth now
> But with a stranger who went to and fro
> Amid the dwellings that stood round about
> The wood, and hearkened tales of dark and doubt
> Men told thereof, silent himself, distraught
> Amid the wondering men with bitter thought
> With grief untold to these, which yet our tale
> Shall tell of somewhat."

It has no more principle of progressive movement than a dog has that turns round and round on a mat before lying down; and this lack is pernicious to a narrative. Look at this clause in " Swanhild ":

> " A man of might
> Whose fortune midst all trouble did prevail."

It is equal to one moderate adjective. In " Arthur's House," again, we may say that two lines, like

> " And with a sword was girt about
> Such as few folk will see, I doubt,"

are equal to one adjective.

The earlier pieces are better. Morris's method was less applicable to Greek story, with its clear, hard-cut lines and plain psychology, than to Arthurian story. Helen seems the wrong person to indulge in thinking about how she will look backward, with Troy still untaken. Arthurians, not Hecuba and Paris, should have spoken these words:

> " *Hec.* I pray you, Paris, do not speak to me
> As if you would shriek presently, nor look
> With such fierce eyes as if you hated me.
>
> *Par.* Mother, see now why I go not to fight:
> It is no use, I tell you; yea, see now
> Why I cannot see Helen. I loved her
> And do not wish to drive her mad with fear.
> If she should weep I think I should kill her."

(Nobody has troubled to find out where, if not from himself, Morris got this kind of psychology from.) The cruelty of Pyrrhus, as he comes out of the wooden house:

> " In yonder house
> They dream, no doubt, of walking quietly
> In the sweet meads again. Shall we slay them?
> I long to begin killing."

seems a bookish cruelty—or is it a fisherman's? It reminds me of the " Compleat Angler."

What I enjoy is Morris freshening the Greek story with what he knew well, not what he could come at by Arthurian broodings. I like to hear Paris say:

> " Look, Helen, hence upon our walls of stone,
> Our great wet ditches where the carp and tench
> In spite of arblasts and petrariæ
> Suck at the floating lilies all day long."

Hecuba, speaking of

> " Some great lord with his outlandish men
> Come to our aid with many wains of corn."

and reminding Paris of

> " When 'twixt the sunny houses and the sun
> You rode with Helen through the streets of Troy."

Helen, putting her arm out of the window to feel the rain, and saying:

> " Three hours after midnight, I should think,
> And I hear nothing but the quiet rain.
> The Greeks are gone."

And then Helen's song, which ends:

> " Kiss me, sweet, for who knoweth
> What thing cometh after death."

It finds an echo in the last page of the book, in the poem " For the bed at Kelmscott," ending:

> " I am old and have seen
> Many things that have been,
> Both grief and peace,
> And wane and increase.
> No tale I tell
> Of ill or well,
> But this I say,
> Night treadeth on day,
> And for worst and best
> Right good is rest."

Morris was a strong man and knew what rest was. He admired strength, but his best writing expresses, better than action, rest, as at the end of " The Message of the March Wind," or the action, fevered or heroic, which a man can dream of when he is at rest. His narratives fail because they show admiration for action more than the sense of action itself. No date is given to the Bed poem, but it is one of his best, being not wholly his, but the folk's.

EDWARD THOMAS.

YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK.*

Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel belongs to that class of emotional stories which a woman involuntarily characterises as " charming "; it appeals also to readers of the sterner sex, because it has strength besides prettiness; it thrills no less than it charms. Above all, in Kitty Tynan it possesses a heroine as captivating and original as ever carried a story on a headlong flight of successive editions. A bewitching blend of candour, whimsicality and high spirits, Kitty is described as " a symphony in gold," her hair, cheeks, eyes, skin, laugh, voice—all are good, and she harmonises adorably with the golden carpet of wheat that spreads as far as the eye can see about the prairie town of Askatoon. Here her mother keeps a *pension*, and quite early in the story one cannot help observing that Kitty's interest, if not her heart, is very much occupied by one of the boarders who has a habit of sitting with a mysterious unopened letter before him gazing at it for minutes at a time. Shiel Crozier, the owner of the letter and the victim of an inherited passion for gambling, is a fine piece of characterisation; he may be briefly described as a matrimonial deserter separated from a wealthy and attractive young wife by pride and a broken promise, and the story tells how Kitty stifles the cry of her heart and sacrifices her own chance of happiness with Crozier by bringing together the husband and wife. And it requires all Kitty's acumen and tact and healthy disregard of conventional standards of honour (to say nothing of a neat little trick with the unopened letter) to tear down the artificial barrier that separates husband and wife.

No story of a budding Canadian town would be complete without a big land deal taking a part in it, and in " You Never Know Your Luck " with its gambling hero, we naturally get a vivid little glimpse of this method of dollar-making. " It's Kitty you can't forget," says a happy phrase on the cover, and certainly Sir Gilbert Parker has given us one of the most memorable and lovable creations

* " You Never Know Your Luck." By Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

in this outspoken, buoyant figure of unselfish womanhood. Here is the refrain which throughout the story is never far from her lips :

" Whereaway goes my lad—tell me, has he gone alone ?
Never harsh word did I speak, never hurt, I gave ;
Strong he was and beautiful : like a heron he has flown—
Hereaway, hereaway will I make my grave."

MELANESIAN SOCIETY.*

For at least one of his reviewers it must be admitted that Mr. Rivers' great collection of ethnological facts, traditions, customs beliefs and practices, has proved of engrossing interest for very different reasons than those which drew him to study Melanesian society. His own purpose is a demonstration of ethnological method, and differs from that of an earlier work on the Todas, which applied scientific method to ethnographical facts, their " collection and recording." I have read only as one who loves curiosities, without method and caring nothing for results—either in certitude attained respecting Melanesian history or revision of evolutionary doctrine. Since Mr. Rivers kindly tells us, I am glad of his escape from the latter in that " crude " form which prevailed when he wrote about Todas. I am glad also that he speaks with such wise humility concerning his scheme of Melanesian history, questioning whether this will be confirmed fully by future research. It offers, unawares, an example to experts in other departments, and shall warrant an equally frank admission on my part. Had Mr. Rivers put forth his scheme as a final formulation of ethnological science respecting Melanesia, I should have accepted it almost implicitly. This is mentioned with the object of showing that there are two classes who can read these volumes, and one of them is probably larger, though much less select, than the other In the first are ethnologists and ethnographers, to whom I leave all judgment on methods pursued, trusting that some will detest " crude evolution." I am hoping for a scientific *Maitreya* to proclaim that there is no evolution, making so much more room for a Thomist philosophy of things. But I speak as one who regards a scholastic course at Salerno or Salamanca as preferable to modern debates. There is, however, my second class, which includes all who are attracted by " curious things of the outside world." They will find themselves moving here through a strange world, but one of which they are freemen. They may forget that it is Melanesia, which comprises—without being exhausted—the Solomon Islands, the Bismarck Archipelago and the New Hebrides. They may bring away few notions on ethnological method, but if they do not reap their reward in rites of initiation, taboo, secret societies, religion and magic, they are not the men of my thinking. An admirable index shall tell them what they may miss and what they can pass over at their proper peril only. Mr. Rivers will forgive me, I hope, but amidst " strangers taken for the dead," words substituted for words, sky-homes of dead people, metathesis, possession of ghosts, ghost societies and communion with the departed, there must be numberless possible readers who, like myself, will find scant time to consider what this great ingarnering may contribute " towards the construction of a science of social psychology."

A. E. WAITE.

MR. SLADEN AND HIS CIRCLE.†

On the title page of his " Twenty Years of My Life " Mr. Douglas Sladen justly describes himself as " author of ' Who's Who.' " He was the first compiler of this useful annual, and, perhaps from some force of habit formed at that time, he seems to have written much of his reminiscences on the same principle. There are opening chapters of autobiography, telling of his life from

* " The History of Melanesian Society." By W. H. R. Rivers, F.E.S. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

† " Twenty Years of my Life." By Douglas Sladen. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

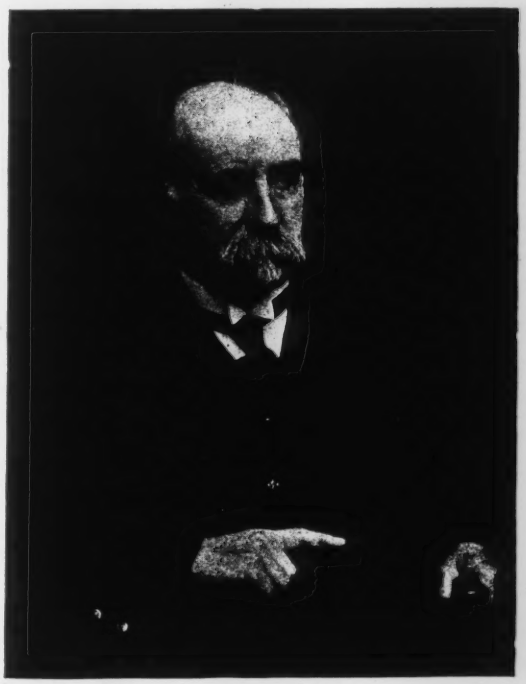


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Douglas Sladen.**

1856 to 1888 ; then he passes to records of the at-homes at which he was wont to entertain novelists, humorists, poets, artists, and all manner of famous or interesting people, and it is here that his early " Who's Who " habit strongly asserts itself. He tells you a little about a multitude of men and women he knows or has known ; but if it is scrappy it is light and entertaining, and usually it is as much as you want to know about them. When he comes to men of more importance, or men he has known more intimately, he has more, sometimes much more, to say of them ; and, after all, this is only as it should be. The impression the book leaves upon you is that Mr. Sladen has had a very pleasant and crowded life and that the crowd has been well worth knowing. Not the least interesting part of it are the accounts of how Jerome, Zangwill, Conan Doyle, Charles Garvice, Eden Phillpotts and other well known authors came to start upon their literary careers, many of which accounts were specially contributed by the subjects of them. There are three chapters devoted to " My Novelist Friends," and others to " Other Author Friends," " My Traveller Friends," " My Actor Friends," and " My Artist Friends." It is the sort of book that you may open almost anywhere in the certainty of coming across some amusing anecdote, some entertaining fact or memorable, gossipy sidelight on the life or character of a celebrity of to-day or yesterday. There are good things in what Mr. Sladen has to say about the writing of his own books, including of course " Who's Who " ; but there are good things scattered through the volume everywhere. It is illustrated with twelve portraits and four charming colour pictures by Yoshio Markino.

C. W.

" EXTRAORDINARY MEN."*

" What most extraordinary men are these reporters ! " wrote George Borrow in a passage which serves Mr. Bullard very aptly as a prelude to his excellent book. " I saw them during the three days at Paris . . . while the *mitraille* was flying in all directions. There stood they, dotting down their observations in their pocket-books as unconcernedly as if reporting a Reform meeting in Finsbury Square or Covent Garden."

Borrow himself had many of the qualifications most essential to the war-correspondent, and his life was not

* " Famous War Correspondents." By E. Lauriston Bullard. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

lacking in excitements and perils, but he might well have felt that his own career was tranquil and humdrum by comparison, and his own temperament unadventurous, had he survived to read of the feats of daring and endurance which were to win fame for some of the most "extraordinary" of the men whose character and achievements Mr. Bullard here sets forth for us. Mr. Bullard deals, in all, with about a score of the most celebrated "specials" of the last sixty years, beginning of course with Sir William Howard Russell, for so long in England the *doyen* of the profession, though not actually the pioneer in this branch of journalism, for in the war between the United States and Mexico in 1846 and 1847 there were special correspondents at the front, "moving about with the troops and describing in detail every action and incident of the camp." Russell's gifts were, however, so conspicuous and his success so wonderful, that his predecessors seem of small account.

Tact, *savoir-faire*, charm of personality, resourcefulness, and of course the gift of fluent and vivid writing—these were among the principal attributes which helped Russell to distinguish himself, but it was his moral courage that really "made" him: the courage which enabled him to tell the whole truth about "the chaos in the British commissary and sanitary arrangements" in the Crimea. "He must tell what he saw," writes Mr. Bullard, "or he must shut his eyes and hold his tongue":

> "He might have the comparative comforts of toleration from the British officers by suppressing the facts which could not escape his attention, and allowing himself to be persuaded that such things were but the dire necessities of war, or he might write the whole story to his paper and accept the consequences. His biographer (Mr. J. B. Atkins) puts the case thus:
>
> "'The test which sooner or later comes to every man, came to him. In a few weeks he was to be a man of public affairs, engaged no longer in the description of incidents which were of no great importance one way or another, but concerned in the lives of thousands of human beings, supplying the facts which shook the Horse Guards and the Cabinet to their base, and eventually brought the Aberdeen Ministry to their ruin. The office of Special Correspondent was truly created at that time.'"

Russell, as we all know, was an Irishman—an Irishman with many of the characteristics common to the heroes of Charles Lever; but, according to Sir Evelyn Wood, he combined with the "humorous wit" of an Irishman, "the accuracy of an Englishman and the shrewdness of a Scotchman." This remark sets one speculating as to which of the three races is best equipped for the calling. Archibald Forbes—"the incomparable Archibald," as Russell once called him—seems to be the only Scotchman included in this volume; Russell himself, the picturesque MacGahan, and the scarcely less picturesque O'Donovan, make a fine show for Ireland; Bennet Burleigh and Mr. E. F. Knight, together with Mr. Winston Churchill and the late G. W. Steevens, form a strong combination for England, reinforced by Mr. Frederic Villiers, who, though he has lived the same life as the others, and can write excellently, is primarily an artist. The Irish trio are more homogeneous than the English quartette. Bennet Burleigh had more in common with Forbes than with E. F. Knight, and much more than with Steevens or Winston Churchill. These last three, in their very different ways, stand for a far more highly-trained order of mind than most of their predecessors. They belong to a new species, of which Mr. H. W. Nevinson is a noteworthy example; it would be easy to mention others, Mr. Perceval Gibbon and Mr. J. B. Atkins, for instance, and Mr. Lionel James. Mr. Philip Gibbs, who has scored perhaps more heavily than anyone else hitherto in the great war now in progress, is less easy to place. He is a brilliant young amateur in the game in which Archibald Forbes stands forth as the archtype of the professional. Let us hope that he and his colleagues of to-day will come out of it more happily than did poor Forbes—his "nerve gone and his physical energy but a memory" at forty-five. This is his own record, but even in penning it Forbes had no regrets. He had had a marvellous existence. He had "lived ten lives in as many short years." It had been his, over and over again, "to thrill the nations." He had, indeed, succumbed to his hardships and hairbreadth escapes. "Yet the recompense!"

FREDERIC WHYTE.

TWO POETS.*

Between these two writers, whom chance has thrown together for consideration in one review, there is a difference which could only be accurately defined on the basis of an accurate definition of the nature of poetry; and that, as all but pedants are glad to know, will not be found before the Greek Kalends. But it is roughly true to say that while Mr. Chesterton is a poet because he is a man of letters, Mr. Stephens is a man of letters because he is a poet; to which may be added that in neither case is the effect quite adequate to the cause, or, in other words, that both our authors are more excellent in their primary than in their secondary characters.

Mr. Chesterton is a brilliant and amazing man of letters. Although no living writer is more in earnest about his themes, he loves writing for its own sake. He plunges into his subject as a dog into water, and shakes his words from him in scintillant showers. And verse, though a recreation rather than his main business, is almost as congenial an element to him as prose. He revels in it, and, if words do sometimes get the better of him, his revelry carries conviction. His rhythms and his language are in themselves delightful, stirring, even uplifting; and, wanting that ultimate definition, we may be content to call such writing poetry. But there is an intangible something which Mr. Chesterton has not got. To say that he was not subtle would be absurd: he is subtle not only in dialectic but in perception. But he is at the same time so positive, so emphatic, that he gives us no sense of the unuttered and the unutterable. In his verses are no shadows which may harbour unseen presences; and when, as in his love poems, he attempts this art of suggestion rather than his own art of statement, he is not altogether successful. Without for a moment doubting his sincerity, we feel that he is working in an alien medium.

Theodore Watts-Dunton, in a famous article, described the great romantic rally of the nineteenth century as the "renaissance of wonder," and the eighteenth century, against which it was a reaction, as an age of acceptance. Mr. Chesterton is a romantic by conviction and, in the hour of its temporary decline, champions romanticism as ardently as Watts-Dunton himself championed its ascension. But he does not wonder: he accepts the wonderful. He brings a certitude as of the eighteenth century to bear on the mystical interests of the nineteenth. He is a rationalist for whom the scope of reason includes the miraculous. In other words, he is neither of the eighteenth century nor of the nineteenth (nor typically of the twentieth), but of the middle ages. Besides the mediæval gift of belief, he has the mediæval love of the concrete and ignorance of perspective and chiaroscuro, the mediæval naïveté. In his religious poetry, as in his allegorical novels, he reminds one of that clown who, having become a monk, would go through the performances of his old profession before the altar of the Virgin, believing that what he could do best was what he could do most to her glory. Like that pious acrobat, Mr. Chesterton takes his dexterity with words sufficiently seriously to dedicate it to the highest uses: as in the really beautiful stanzas of "The Wise Men":

> ". . . The gods of violence took the veil
> Of wisdom and philosophy,
> The Serpent that brought all men bale,
> He bites his own accursed tail,
> And calls himself Eternity.
>
> Go humbly . . . it has hailed and snowed . . .
> With voices low and lanterns lit;
> So very simple is the road,
> That we may stray from it.
>
> The world grows terrible and white,
> And blinding white the breaking day;
> We walk bewildered in the light,
> For something is too large for sight,
> And something much too plain to say.

* "Poems." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (Burns & Oates.)—"Songs from the Clay." By James Stephens. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The Child that was ere worlds begun
(. . . We need but walk a little way,
We need but see a latch undone . . .)
The Child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay."

So, too, with the poems inspired by the passions which Mr. Chesterton holds only second to his religion, and, indeed, inseparable from it—heroism, patriotism, liberty:—"Lepanto," "The Wife of Flanders," "Blessed are the Peacemakers," "The Secret People," "Africa"; so, too, with the satires, often light and amusing but always fundamentally serious:—though lacking the magic which, in the view of some, alone deserves the name of poetry, they are all illustrations of language used not only with brilliance but with fine intention.

Mr. Stephens is a poet, and only a man of letters from the necessity of communicating his poetry. One often gets the impression that he would rather not write, that he writes grudgingly, and, therefore, carelessly. He himself says:

"Verse has fled from me so long,
I have quite forgot to sing;
I who had a hoard of song
Now can scarce find anything
Worth the singing, though I grope
Less with fingers than with hope."

But one cannot help feeling that the real reason why he has sung so little is that he is unwilling to turn his visions into literature. Mr. Chesterton has, ready to hand, a well-wrought tool with which he is delighted to do any work that comes his way. Mr. Stephens has just as much work to do but he does it against the grain, and with an indifferent tool picked up casually for the occasion. And while Mr. Chesterton nearly always finishes off his work like a conscientious member of one of his own ideal guilds, Mr. Stephens sometimes sends his out only half done.

But we must not be unfair for the sake of an antithesis. It is only a few of the "Songs from the Clay" which are really spoilt by bad workmanship, and several of them are flawless. "Songs from the Clay" does not mark any such definite advance on "The Hill of Vision" as that volume marked on "Insurrections," but it does show a mellowing, a diminution of the satirical note, and a greater frequency of the joyful. It is, indeed, somewhat different in scope from its predecessors. There is less realism in it, and no such sustained effort of philosophic irony as "The Lonely God"; it has more of a faery quality, and, at the same time, more humanity. Mr. Stephens is very familiar with centaurs and fauns, and writes of them with the dainty and yet sylvan charm with which Mr. Charles Sims has painted them; and he has had the rare success of writing with pathos, yet without sentimentality, of the sorrows of more usual wild creatures:

"I hear a sudden cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
He is calling out for aid;
Crying in the frightened air,
Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare:
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere."

This poem illustrates a favourite literary device of Mr. Stephens—the repetition of lines—and also the imaginative sympathy which is, perhaps, the most constant note in "Songs from the Clay," appearing alike in the philosophic "The Waste Places," and in his beautiful variation on the old, never stale, theme that "Dust hath closed Helen's eyes."

"The time comes when our hearts sink utterly;
When we remember Deirdre and her tale,
And that her lips are dust . . .

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Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen."

Mr. Stephens can write "As they talk of you and *I*," and he ought not to do so. But he is full to the lips with the nameless spirit of poetry, and that is a rarer possession than a strict sense of grammar.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

THE HERB OF HEALING. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Here is yet another story of Four Corners, and those who have already read and enjoyed Mr. G. B. Burgin's previous Four Corner stories will be glad to seize this opportunity of renewing acquaintance with Old Man Evans, Ikey, and Miss Wilks. A most unique "heroine" is Miss Wilks, the ungainly, one-eyed, clay-coloured mule, whose intelligence is quite human. In a sympathetic and humorous vein Mr. Burgin tells of the further adventures of those three friends at Four Corners, and of Old Man's search for the Herb of Healing, in order to save the life of the little schoolmistress, who is dying of consumption. The secret of this Herb is guarded jealously by the Canadian Indians, and it is only with the help of Pahnewuska, a beautiful Indian girl, that Old Man is able to discover the wonderful plant; but before she will help him Pahnewuska extracts a promise from him which calls on him to sacrifice that which he most desires. Old Man's character comes out, strong and courageous at this crisis in his life. He is ever sympathetic and willing to help folks weaker than himself. ". . . you'll never be anything except the man who is called in to put things right when they go wrong"; he is told, "and where you are, Old Man, some one will always make things go wrong to give you the pleasure of setting them right." "In other words I'm a meddlin' idgeot," Old Man replies. But this is not the opinion of Ikey, his adimring friend. "He's great—real great," is Ikey's opinion; "and don't you forgit it, or I'll 'polish you off the face of thisyer earth."

MARRIAGE BY CONQUEST. By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassell.)

"I mean to marry you, to possess you, and my right is the right of the man who is stronger than his rivals. . . ." Thus the masterful, arrogant, Sir Richard Heron to the proud young widow, Stella Shenstone; and until John Flambard came to Doombridge no rival succeeded in standing up to this hectoring braggart. Enter then John Flambard. From a book-littered den in Cambridge, from tramps in Italy, from a fanciful world peopled by the creations of poets and scholars, John Flambard is called to Doombridge to become a Sussex squire. His neighbours with their gross manners, their big appetites, big thirsts and lack of self-restraint, soon make him feel like a fish out of water, an exile among the barbarians. Stella sees in this handsome newcomer, with the fine shoulders and the head of a mild lion, first a protector and then a lover. Sir Richard forthwith challenges Flambard to a duel, and failing to get a response instigates a dastardly plot to humiliate his successful rival. The scene in which Stella rescues her lover and turns the tables on her persecutor is a magnificent piece of dramatic writing. The whole story is splendidly alive, and gives a bustling picture of the Sussex worthies and gossips of a bygone bibulous day.

THE VOYAGE OUT. By Virginia Woolf. 6s. (Duckworth.)

It is the detail and intricacy of this essentially human book that gives it its strength and individuality. The many characters with their various and distinctive personalities Miss Woolf describes so intimately and with so sure a touch that the reader is made familiar with each one in turn, conscious of each trivial affectation and all the lights and shades of the different natures. Our first acquaintance with the principal characters in the story is made on their journey out to South America in a small cargo steamer. The captain's daughter is a girl of twenty-four, whose innocence, or rather ignorance of the world and its ways, is equivalent to a child's, and the author tells of her awakening and development cleverly and sympathetically. The conversation is perhaps the only thing in a very realistic book that somewhat lacks realism, but it is so sparklingly vivacious, so witty and entertaining, that we are likely to forget the fact that the average individual has neither such a quick understanding nor such skill at making epigrams and similies as the human beings who people Miss Woolf's story, and enjoy the dialogue just because it is brilliant and humorous. The keynote to the book is the author's clear and complete knowledge of her fellow-creatures and an alertness for the minor things of life—the tangled undergrowth of little incidents—that make each separate existence at once so commonplace and so unique.

THE SWORD OF YOUTH. By James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The author puts himself at once on good terms with the reader by dedicating this simple and gallant story of the American Civil War "to the Soldier-Youth of England in this War of theirs." We have ventured to call this story simple because of the extreme tenuity of its plot. And yet the situation it describes is one full of dramatic possibilities, of which the author does not fail to make such excellent use as his reputation would lead us to expect. Mrs. Sumner was a Virginian matron who had lost well-nigh everything in the war—husband, four sons, and all her worldly goods. Fate had still one unexpected blow to deal her in the rebellion of her only surviving boy, into whose secret ambitions she had never entered. But the time came when he, too, decided to prove his manhood and fill his brother's place in the Southern army. The mother's feelings are finely and skilfully delineated. She had canonised her dead, and resented even her own youngest son's ambition to share their glory. There is tragedy in this little love-story, for the mother's heart repented too late, and the only result of her death-bed summons was to lure her son into a deliberate breach of duty. Joe Sumner made the *amende honorable*; and, as he had the good fortune to serve under a banner which respected both honour and chivalry, he was enabled to come back to Lucy Morehead as a very true and perfect knight.

LONELINESS. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This last book by the much-loved Monsignor Benson not only raises the apparently inevitable problem of last books: "How far would the author have improved it, had he lived?"—but is a cardinal example of a tendency which his most discriminating admirers had long deplored in him. In a word, it is morbid in conception; and the morbidity has prevailed against all else to a degree which makes the short final passage not less than afflicting in its theatricality of expression. There, at least, we may be certain that Monsignor Benson, had he lived, would have perceived and amended his error; but of the book as a whole that cannot possibly be said; and, despite its many charms—the musical interest, the diverting detail, the delightful characters of Marion Tenterden and Maggie Brent—we are constrained to say that it has profoundly, even distressingly, repelled us. But, apart from the ethical question, the failure in craftsmanship is great, for the conflicting issues are almost unbelievably ill-balanced. On one side stands the heroine, and with her stand art, nobility of soul, and deep religious sense; on the other side stands, totally alone, the paltriest sort of snobbery. For Marion to "renounce" this, incarnated though it be in the man she loves, is a struggle into which we do not follow her with ardour. The final interview between the lovers is true and poignant, yet we cannot but think that the grievous closing words will find many readers feeling that the dilemma has been one into which to drag the name of Christ was well-nigh to blaspheme it.

Mrs. Ward Muir,
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SUMMER FRIENDSHIPS. By Dorothy Muir. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The caravan has taken its place as an approved method of holiday making, and has promptly been utilised as a background for fiction, several good stories having been published during recent years in which romance has been worked out in the small company of folks taking a rambling holiday in a pleasantly sophisticated form of "gipsying." To such good stories Mrs. Dorothy Muir makes in "Summer Friendships" a very charming addition. A young married couple are shown as setting out with a couple of gipsy vans de luxe a-wandering in Scotland. They are accompanied by Jeanette and her brother—respectively in their later and earlier teens—and the two-and-a-half year old Elspeth, and they are joined by a young bachelor and a middle-aged one. All these people (except the baby, she is much too busy) write to Jeanette's widowed mother in Surrey, telling in their varied fashions of the incidents of the tour and indicating the gradual growth of that love romance which converts a holiday chronicle into a story. It is all very charmingly and naturally done, and it will set many readers longing to go and seek such pleasant change as caravanning affords, and hoping that when the opportunity comes they may have company as good as that which travelled in the "Aminta" and "Carinthia Jane." This engaging book is illustrated with a fine series of many photographs by Mr. Ward Muir.

LOVE-BIRDS IN THE COCO-NUTS. By Peter Blundell. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mr. Peter Blundell, who described his first two stories respectively as "a tropical comedy" and "a nautical comedy," was hailed by more than one reviewer as a Jacobs-like humorist working in Oriental materials. The description serves as indicating something of the character of his humour but is inadequate, as labels generally are. There is a freshness, an individuality in his work which makes it particularly attractive, while the varied humour that permeates every page is of the most arriding quality; it reaches well nigh to the pitch of "laughter holding both his sides" when Ferdinand Fernandez is the love-bird on whom the reader's attention is centred. Brought up as the son of an Eurasian couple on whom he had been foisted as makeweight in a sack of rice at the time of their marriage, he grows up a capable assistant to his supposed father, but a most conceited young man with

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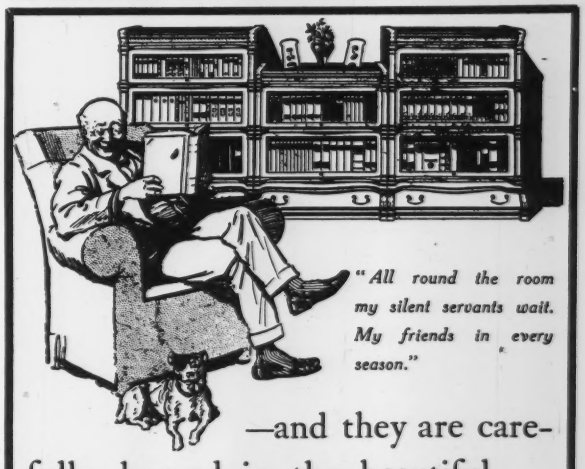

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perpetual hungering for news of London, of the bars and barmaids of which he has picked up a knowledge more peculiar than extensive. Always deliciously—and unconsciously—droll it is when Ferdinand believes himself in love that he is drollest, especially when he is, with ludicrous exaggeration, seeking to impress an English governess with his devotion, and when he is wooing (with unexpected success) the scheming lady who runs an hotel. Again and again, poor shuttlecock of fate, he has occasion to apostrophise himself as "Omiserableblighter." Though he is the greatest cause of diversion in a very diverting story, Ferdinand is only one of various love-birds who play their parts in the strange imbroglio in which a villainous magistrate, the wonderful Mrs. Roga, an English governess, and a young rubber-planter are all variously concerned. The author's rich sense of fun has not interfered with his real power in presenting the Orient in fiction; if he gives us the Orient as seen through quizzing glasses, it is so seen without distortion, and his latest story may be commended to the notice of all in search of joyous entertainment.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. By Ernest C. Pulbrook. 6s. net. (Batsford.)

Something of the charm of this delightful book is expressed in its very chapter headings. What country scenes and sounds and fragrances live magically in such headings as "Up Quiet Creeks"; "Running Waters"; "Fords and Crossing Places"; "Ancient Bridges"; "The Footpath Way"; "Wayside and Market Crosses"; "The Village Green"; "Old World Towns"; "Country Inns Past and Present"; "The Awakening of Nature." And when you come to read the book itself you find that it amply fulfils the glamorous promise of its Contents page. Mr. Ernest Pulbrook is a lover of nature and has studied her ways and moods with the finest enthusiasm and written of them in a happy, picturesque fashion that should win many of his readers to go out and see for themselves the places and things he so vividly describes. Under Mr. Pulbrook's spell, the village green, that has been nothing to you heretofore but a pleasant grass-patch, grows alive and populous with memories of vanished May-Days; ancient names of field and meadow land, that had been meaningless to you, clothe themselves in meaning and are rich in historical associations; indeed, the whole countryside which for too many of us has no life nor beauty beyond what we can see in passing, flowers under his hand into stories, traditions, quaint records of the past, that are the soul of the present. We have read no book that more alluringly recaptures the spirit and character of our English countryside, nor more skilfully blends the study of visible nature with the lore of the historian. The hundred and twenty-six illustrations from photographs are well selected and excellently reproduced.

Ruxley Waterplash, Epsom.
From "The English Countryside" (Batsford).

VINELEAVES. By Arthur Lewis. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

This is a little book of "simple observations on the laws of life" which have the double merit of being terse and true. There is no better way of criticising than by quoting from it, so, having read it with the quiet enjoyment there is in reading such gracious philosophy, we turn back the pages and pick out an example here and there at random:

"Truth shall in the end prevail, but love prevails from the beginning."

"Gaiety is a method of defying sadness. Joy is sadness slain."

"Child-life charms because it has not yet learnt how to try to charm."

"Genius is instinct of the soul. Talent is the soul grown wise."

"A hero is he who making his own life of small account makes it of much."

"A mannerism is a method of doing a thing which has mastered the doer."

"Simplicity is that form of perfection which makes no one wonder why it is so perfect."

"He who strives to be sincere is like a man who seeks the hat that is already on his head."

It is a book of the homely wisdom that most men might learn from experience, but that few have Mr. Lewis's art of crystallising in a handful of aphorisms.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN LANE.

In something the same mood as that of Mr. Jerome's "Three Men" who went off in a boat, Mr. J. Henry Harris's three men, "Guy," "The Bookworm," and "Myself," in **Cornish Saints and Sinners** (2s. 6d. net), went to Cornwall to ramble just where they would. The first edition of the history of this visit was published enough years ago to make a new edition a new pleasure for intending imitators. These "three men" decided on going first to Penzance; and to those who already know and love the West the reminder of the first sight of the sea from the windows of the railway-carriage is alone worth much. "Up went the blinds, and down went all the windows, and every one who could gazed upon the blue sea shoaling into green, with white-flaked edging, on the frizzling sands." The book itself is a mingling of description of places and people, a recounting of legend and anecdote, a retailing of impressions, of commendable variety, in a gay, even flippant, style. Mr. Harris pokes fun at Cornwall's saints and kings and giants, but always with kindliness. He gives to the ancient legends the light, modern touch of irreverence, but never of scorn. And for Cornwall's smugglers he betrays even something like admiration. Penzance, Falmouth, Truro, St. Austell, Morwenstow, Tintagel, Redruth; well-known and little-known Cornish villages and moors, mines and wells, harbours and farms—Mr. Harris is the friend of all these, and the friend of those readers who would know these spots for themselves. The book is delightfully illustrated by Mr. L. Raven-Hill.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The Lone Wolf, by Louis Vance (6s.), is not an Indian story, as the title might lead one to suppose, but a "gentleman burglar" tale. The Lone Wolf had extraordinary talents for house-breaking and jewel thieving. Moreover, he was a scholar and a man of parts. He is very up-to-date, and looks upon the Sherlock Holmes and Raffles tradition as hopelessly *suranné*. He pours the scorn of his well-tempered intellect on to this kind of thing—a well-known rhetorical trick which does not disguise for us that he, in fact, belongs to the Raffles order himself. He is, we may say, an intenser Raffles. There is a feminine interest in the shape of a young woman whom he meets in the course of his subterranean life. An exciting aeroplane chase provides the final thrill in a book where thrills abound.